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THE SKETCH



No. 1467—Vol. CXIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



STARVED, PARCHED WITH THIRST, CHASED BY ROBBER BANDS; BUT VICTORIOUS: THE SITT KHADIJA (MRS. FORBES), WHO HAS RETURNED SAFELY FROM AN ADVENTUROUS EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

Mrs. R. J. Forbes, or the Sitt Khadija, to use her Moslem name, whose adventures in Syria and ride through the desert of Eritrea, aroused so much interest last year, has just succeeded in making a map of hitherto unknown districts in Africa, and has discovered a new route. She has had the most amazing adventures during the 3½ months which elapsed between her departure from Cyrenaica and her arrival at Siwa, early in February. She was nearly starved, as on one occasion the caravan she had arranged for did

not meet her; chased by a robber band; captured by Zonias and rescued; parched with thirst, and only saved by the discovery of uncharted wells. On one occasion she had to disguise herself as a camel-driver, and on another she dressed up as a Moslem woman, veiled and with her revolvers hidden under a sash; talking Arabic and reciting the Koran. Her new book, "Kuifra; The Secret of the Sahara," is already nearly finished, and she expects to arrive home shortly.—[Photograph by Bertram Park.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Authors and Critics.

I hope, friend the reader, you are following the exciting controversy in Paris between editors and critics, on the one hand, and authors and theatrical managers on the other. The editors and critics maintain that they are at liberty to say what they like, within the law of libel, and that the authors have no right of reply.

The authors and managers, for their part, insist that any newspaper which publishes an adverse criticism is bound to print the author's reply to the criticism—or the manager's, if the manager takes up the cudgels for his author and himself.

Here is a pretty little *affaire*! As an author, naturally, I am with the authors; but the Editor of *The Sketch*, I presume, would be with the editors. It is obvious that no journal in the world could throw open its columns to an aggrieved author without limit of space. It is equally obvious that authors cannot be allowed to say what they like about editors and critics. In any case, the critic would reply to the author's reply—at least, this is what usually happens in our own little island—and so the duel would continue.

Perhaps the matter is best left to the good taste and good feeling of both parties. (Could any author be more diplomatic than that?)

Seeing Both Sides.

Ability to see both sides of a question is granted to few, and yet it is a talent that should, one thinks, be cultivated.

I was talking the other day to a motor agent who had a car for sale which had been used for exhibition purposes. In view of the fact that the car was not quite new—although better, you understand, than new—he was willing to accept fifty pounds less than the listed price of the car. "But prices are falling," I reminded him. "If the listed price of this car falls £50, I should gain nothing by buying from you a car that had been used for exhibition purposes."

"Oh," he replied, with an air of generosity which almost brought tears to my eyes, "oh, if the list price falls below the price at which I am offering you this model, I will allow you the difference."

"No," I hardened my heart to say. "What you mean is that if the list price falls £50, say, in the next three months, you will take off that £50 as well as the £50 for the car having been used as an exhibition car."

He couldn't see it. An excellent fellow in his home life, I am sure, and most kind to his mother, wife, and children (if any), yet he could not see both sides of this simple question.

Another Illustration.

Let me give you another illustration, also from the motor world, in which we are all so interested at this season of the year. (As the summer advances, you think less and less of a car. When the autumn leaves begin to fall, you don't care whether you have a car or not, and in December you would hardly accept one as a gift.)

Well, another motor agent was recounting to me his experiences. He went into a shop where he was not known, and asked the price of a car. The agent named a sum which my informant thought extravagant.

"After a good bit of talking," he said, "I just handed him my card. You should have seen his face! I never saw a man look so foolish in my life!"

"You mean," I observed, "that he had been taking you for a mere member of the public?"

"That's it! He took me for a guy!"

"Monstrous!" I laughed, and the agent joined in the laughter. It never occurred to him that I was a member of the public when it came to discussing the price of a car, and might therefore object to being set down, for that reason, as a guy. He took it for granted that I was a "guy," and knew it. Let me advise all motor agents to cultivate the habit of looking at both sides.

"When London is Civilised."

I read in a paper the other day an interview with a man who lives in bed. There is nothing the matter with him, save that his skin has naturally suffered somewhat for lack of oxygen. He just arrived at an hotel some years ago, hired a bedroom, went to bed, and has been there ever since. He rises in the morning for the bed to

be made, and then returns to bed. He takes two meals a day—breakfast and dinner. For the remainder of the day he reads books and newspapers, and, I presume, dozes.

But life is not perfect. He is annoyed by other people in the hotel taking an interest in his case. They are curious about him. They regard him as a side-show. They try to get peeps at him through the crack of the door.

"Which simply shows," he told the interviewer, "that London is still far from being civilised. Why should I not stay in bed if I like? Why should anyone comment on the way in which I pass my life?"

Presumably, therefore, when London is *really* civilised, everybody will go to bed and stay there. Traffic will cease. Grass will grow in the streets. And even then some uncivilised fairy prince will come along and kiss the Sleeping Beauty and spoil the whole thing! Heigho!

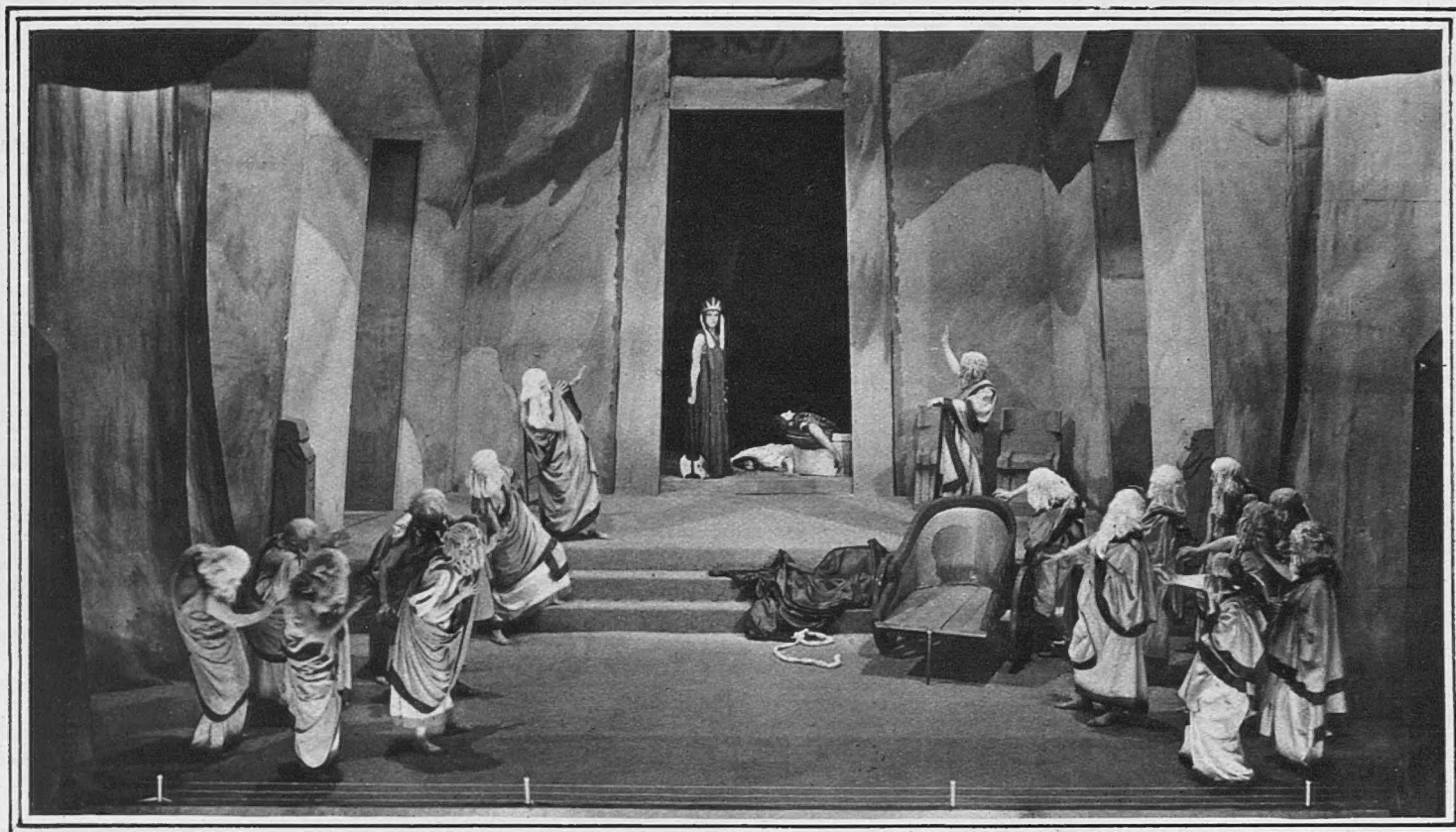


THE MIDNIGHT MEETING: THE BIG SCENE IN "A SOCIAL CONVENIENCE," AT THE ROYALTY.

Our photograph shows the big scene in "A Social Convenience," Captain H. M. Harwood's new play, at the Royalty. Archibald Hannay (Mr. H. G. Stoker) is to find his wife (Miss Hilda Moore) with Dennis Lestrangle (Mr. Dennis Eadie); but Joyce Traill (Miss Stella Jesse) frustrates this carefully laid scheme by substituting herself. Our photograph shows, from left to right, Mr. Dennis Eadie, Miss Stella Jesse, Miss Hilda Moore, and Mr. H. G. Stoker.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

Cambridge Condenses Æschylus—with an All-Man Cast.



ACT I. OF THE ORESTEIAN TRILOGY OF ÆSCHYLUS: THE DISCOVERY OF THE MURDERED AGAMEMNON AND CASSANDRA.



ACT III. OF THE CAMBRIDGE PRODUCTION: THE FINAL MARCH AND CONCILIATION OF THE FURIES.

It was a bold idea to condense the "Oresteia" of Æschylus into a single performance, but the Greek Play Committee at Cambridge carried it out courageously, with the result that the production at the New Theatre, acted in the original Greek by members of the University, must be acknowledged to be a success in every way. To condense the "Agamemnon," "Choephoroe," and "Eumenides" into one play means

ruthless cutting; but the damage done by this is as nothing compared with the absurdity of acting one of the three plays without the others. Mr. Armstrong Gibbs's music is a great feature of the production; and the cast—all male members of the University—gave a performance which, with the English verse translation, made it fairly easy for those not conversant with the language to follow the play.

Photographs by Waller Benington.



More About Mariegold



THE brilliant sun of last week was a great disturber of social routine. There were things one would have stayed in town for if the sky had been gloomy; but it wasn't. The invitation of the roads that take one away from London was too strong, and last Wednesday we found ourselves having tea in the open under the ruined walls of the Bishop's Palace at Otford. The village green, the queer old steeple against a blue sky, the bare,

started with a retinue of eighteen) and nine completely exhausted camels—just half the number that left Cyrenaica 3½ months ago.

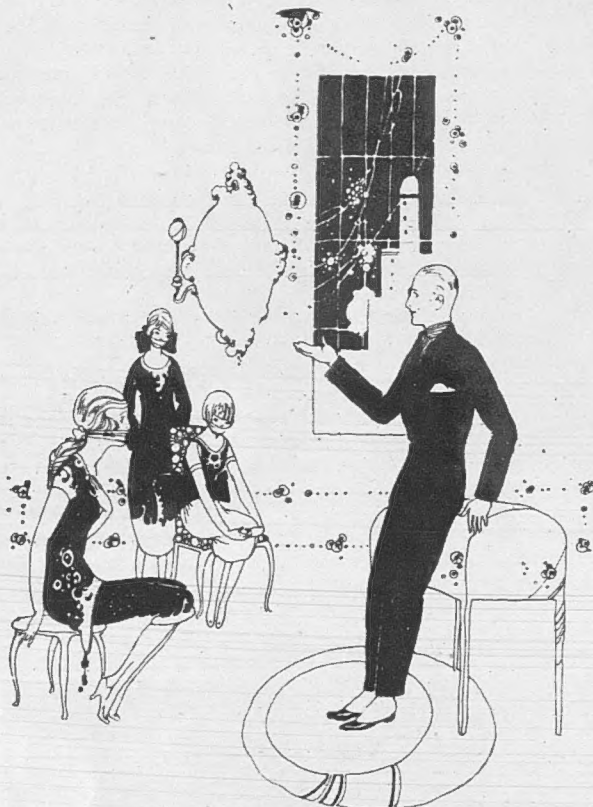
"A Camel Corps Patrol had come to look for me, and we camped one on each side of a hill, unconscious of each other's presence, till I dragged my half-unconscious secretary on to a camel and started to push on by moonlight. Then the rescuers heard us, and we ate sausages round a camp fire and talked till dawn! We had lovely trotting camels to go on to Siwa, where we found three cars to take us 430 miles to Alexandria, and now everyone is spoiling me, for I have made a new map and come out by a new route which nobody knew existed. Everyone is amazingly kind, and unless I leave at once I shall be a perfectly impossible person. I have written a book, 'Kufra: The Secret of the Sahara,' and I hope to be in England at the end of March. What adventures we've had. I—the Sitt Khadija, to use my Moslem name—left Djedabia at 2 a.m., disguised, leaving all luggage behind. Six camels were waiting outside the town. The guide lost his head, and we wandered round in circles till dawn, when we were still in sight of the town.

"We had taken provisions for two people (my Egyptian 'A.D.C.' and self) for four days, having arranged with a caravan to pick us up. It did not arrive for fourteen!—and we nearly starved, eating only a few dates and milk tablets. A robber band lay in wait for us, and we rode two nights and a day to escape from it. At Aujela I changed secretly into a Moslem woman, veiled, hiding my revolvers under a great red sash, talking Arabic, eating with my fingers on the floor, saying prayers five times a day, reciting the Koran. The caravan of nine black fighting slaves and two slave girls picked us up at Aujela and we went to Djala, where they slaughtered a sheep in our honour, and lent us an Arab house to live in."

Mariegold paused. The queer old steeple was still there, against a quiet, unadventurous blue sky. The crows had hardly moved in the pale field.

"Go on," I said.

"Then [she read] we started south, seven days without a well, carrying water, camel food, and firewood, and we nearly died of thirst, for our guide, Abdulla, lost the way and we walked straight through Taiserba, as marked on map. For three awful days we lived on one cup of water and a little water out of the tinned vegetables. We tore out the straw stuffing of baggage saddles for the camels, and when our gums were split and we were half-blind with thirst we came to an uncharted well. After that we were taken prisoners by the Zonias, rescued by one Mohamed Quemish, who rode night and day on a white donkey to bring help. We discovered three lakes, four new wells, and a couple of mountain ranges. We met nearly all the big Sheikhs and Ekhwan, one of whom planned to destroy us, and was foiled by a sandstorm. We returned by the longest waterless route known—never done by a European, and never by an Arab without forty camels. We did it with nine!"



GLADYS PETO.

1. Algy and Angela quite agree with Sir Percy Scott—"That women are d-d ignorant"—though they think there are other subjects more important than "wattage," and have started a series of classes. This is Algy's "Listeners' Class." He has always said that no woman can listen properly—the class is gagged while he holds forth. (He loves this.)

pale fields dotted with crows, and the extreme quiet all seemed very good to us. Our only trouble was an invitation to an At Home in Beauchamp Place, which sat heavy as lead on our consciences.

This was the At Home of the Marchioness of Lincolnshire and the Countess of Dartmouth—not an idle At Home, but held in the interests of the Officers' Families' Industries.

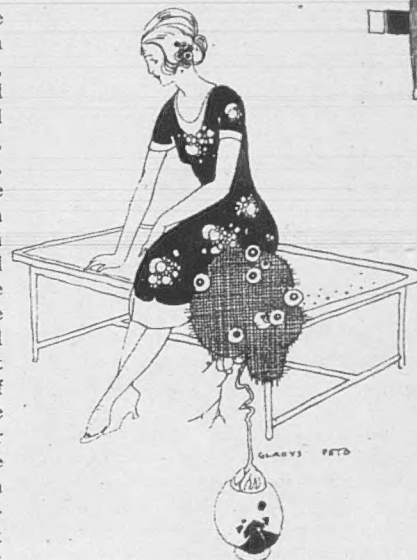
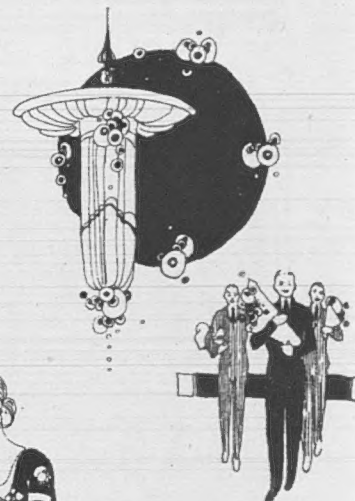
"Splendid ladies, experts in that line. How I revere them. But not now—not at this moment! I am playing truant, and have another remarkable woman to talk to you about—not at all like Lady Lincolnshire and Lady Dartmouth."

And then Mariegold recalled to my mind a certain day in Curzon Street, long months ago, when we helped Rosita Forbes—Mrs. Forbes—to pack sleeping-bags and foot-warmers and revolvers just before her plunge into the Unknown. I remember looking at Mrs. Forbes (as slender as the slenderest of those damsels who inhabit the north side of Hanover Square, and as elegant as those who show themselves upon the south side). I remember looking at Mrs. Forbes and wondering if she would really carry her adventure through. To plunge into the Unknown!—and there she was, suggesting in that aromatic boudoir of hers that the only plunge she was accustomed to take was a plunge into rose-water!

But Mariegold knew better. And now Mariegold has a letter to prove that she knew better. It is a letter written from Cairo only a few days ago and giving the first tidings of Mrs. Forbes' return from the Sahara—from explorations that must necessarily be regarded as important.

This is what Mrs. Forbes's letter tells—

"I have done it. I turned up near Siwa a week ago with an Egyptian with a newly broken collar-bone and three Zonias (having



GLADYS PETO.

2. This is Angela's "Peacemakers' Class," showing young men how to make peace with their wives. Angela, of course, keeps all the flowers, chocolates, and things that they present, and has a charming time.

Mariegold ended. "You see now," she said, "why I have played truant. That letter makes Beauchamp Place a trifle homely, a little insipid."

But the interesting thing is that Mrs. Forbes will soon be back in Mayfair, looking, I doubt not, as if she had explored not the Sahara, but Hanover Square.

"And now for humdrum," said Mariegold. "By humdrum I mean er-r'er—by er-r'er I mean speeches. The other day I sat behind Princess Louise and listened to French speeches and English speeches, and blushed for my country. Princess Louise couldn't very well blush, she was exactly under the eye of them all, and the Englishmen aimed their er-r'ers and their French right at her.

"Lord Crawford was the exception. He speaks good French, and knows it. The others speak bad French, and don't know it. Well, Lord Crawford made half his speech in one language and half in another, and collected five handshakes at the end of it, against the one each that Lord Askwith and Sir Alfred Mond got.

"But what a difference when M. de Saint-Aulaire spoke. Not great oratory, I suppose, but finished. He is very distinguished and aristocratic-looking—a model Ambassador, as far as that goes. Afterwards, a little man from Lille, with a voice that went all up and down the scale, made an impassioned address. Neither Sir Alfred nor Lord Askwith could have done it to save their lives."

"From Rosita Forbes to humdrum, and from humdrum to Clare Sheridan. That's what has

3. This is Angela's "Class for Conciliating Maids"—Presenting a bouquet of flowers with a request to clean the sink. It should be a great success.

happened to me. I skimmed Clare's book this morning, and found a few amusing things in it which I don't remember seeing in the *Times* when her articles first appeared.

"For instance, she gives a truly cousinly account of Winston Churchill. 'Winston,' she says, 'is the only man I know in England who is made of the stuff that Bolsheviks are made of. He has fight, force, and fanaticism.'

"That is an unkind cut. And what, by Jove, will Cousin Winston think of her further revelations of pretty little intimacies with the Bolsheviks? For instance, when Trotsky's car punctured in the snow, and she had to sit in it waiting with Nicholas Andrev, she put her feet up on the seat and 'let Andrev sit on them to keep them warm.'"

"How pretty she looks in her sheepskin hat! I've seen it, by the way. As pretty as Gladys Cooper in her beavers—I've seen her lately too, lurching in them last week with a friend at the Berkeley."

"Mr. Lawrence, please," said Mariegold, when I told her I had been up early and seen Colonel Lawrence and Mr. Winston Churchill off from Victoria before breakfast.

We have slipped into calling him Colonel again now that he has emerged from Oxford and taken up with a warlike chief; but I know at Oxford and at the house of friends in London where on occasion he dines, and where Mariegold lately met him, he has been at great pains to shed his military title. He felt so little like a Colonel when he was one that it was a relief to him to get back to civvies and his "Mr." when he left the Army.

Mariegold's attempts to beguile Captain Coldwaltham into Hanover Square availed nothing. He has grown wily. He left her abruptly when they got as far as Maddox Street. Her revenge, she says, will be to publish his name among those who attended Lucile's private view.

"Say," she tells me, "that Lady Bradford, Mrs. Dudley Ward, Lady Campden, Lady Eileen Browne, and Captain Coldwaltham were among those seen at the Exhibition of Spring Models."

I refuse, of course. Why it should be so excruciatingly humiliating for a man to find himself among mannequins I know not, but the fact remains. Once we did escort her, on some pretext or another, into Redfern's, and found ourselves in a corridor of dressing-rooms and mirrors and exaggerated damsels. It was agony. And this, I suppose, is why Mariegold regards it as the height of practical joking to land one in such places.

"Anyway, those ladies you have named were really at Lucile's. And so was Mme. Koo, wife of the Chinese Minister. She has quite a *flair* for Paris gowns. Many English girls I know, and French girls too—though they think they know everything—could do with a share of the little Chinese lady's talent in clothes."

You remember I told you beforehand that Lord Milner was going to marry suddenly and secretly. It looked sudden, at least, when it came off, although that isn't really the word. They were very old friends, and I believe they took quite a long time to fix it all up.

"They have done all sorts of interesting things together. It's fifteen years since she took him to see Meredith in that Box Hill box cottage of his.

"Violet Cecil brought Lord Milner here. He has a fine head. I liked him, and avoided a touch on his policy. He laughs pleasantly. That's what Meredith wrote at the time. She was the daughter of his great friend Admiral Maxse, you know."

Those visits to Meredith were not always so successful.

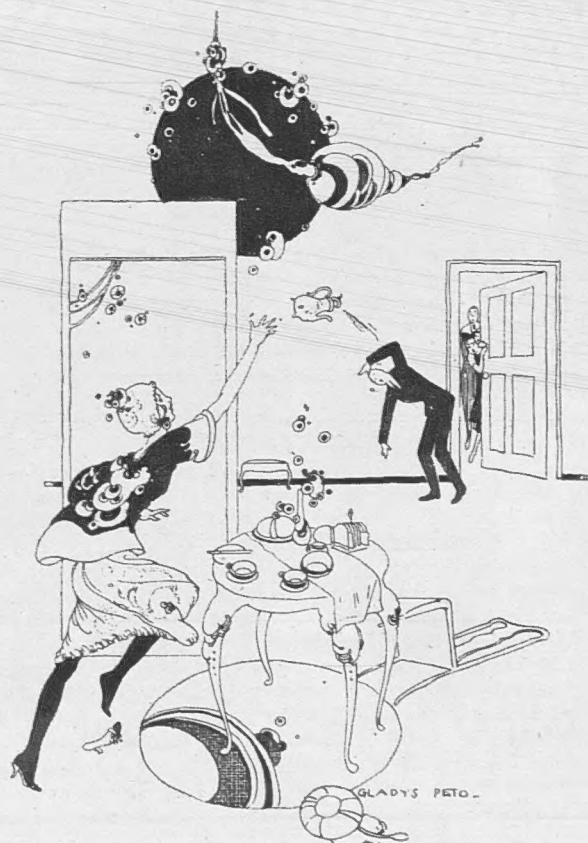
"I remember," Mariegold said, "hearing of somebody taking Mrs. Asquith to see him. He was old and a little deaf, and she sat close. Then, putting her mouth towards his cheek, she said: 'I really must—!' And she did!

"That was unkind, Madam," said Meredith; 'you would not have done that if you had not thought of me as being a ruin.'

"But that's not in the Margot book, I believe."

"Lady Milner is quite a public personage, you know," Mariegold went on. "She has the Maxse family habit of speaking its mind. Indeed, the silence about the wedding was quite uncharacteristic: she generally says her say on anything and everything that interests her.

"It happens that just at the time of the wedding, I was listening to her brother, Mr. Maxse. He was talking to the full of his bent, to make up! It was at Mrs. Cazalet's house in Grosvenor Square—



4. Unhappily, some of the pupils arrived rather early the other day, and found Angela and Algy having a little tiff at breakfast—the maids having left; and Angela never could make coffee. This has rather spoilt the classes.

the house she throws open to all good causes. I wonder how the servants stand it!

"On that particular afternoon Mrs. Cazalet was there herself, with her daughter Thelma. Now they are away in the South of France, which means, I suppose, that the house and household has a respite from philanthropic teas and music parties with a motive. How good Mrs. Cazalet is!"

THE STRENUOUS YET LEISURED LIFE:



PLAYING IN THE TOURNAMENT AT BEAULIEU:
MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



AT THE BEAULIEU TOURNAMENT: MR. AND
THE HON. MRS. GUY WESTMACOTT.



WATCHING THE TOURNAMENT PLAY:
THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



TAKING A STROLL WITH MRS. ARMSTRONG:
DAME NELLIE MELBA.



AT MONTE CARLO: THE HON. MRS. WILFRID EGERTON,
MAJOR J. PAGET, AND MRS. WELLMAN (L. TO R.).

Our pages illustrate the amusements of the leisured yet strenuous Society folk on the Riviera. The Beaulieu Tournament was an important event, at which nearly everyone assembled. Lady Joan Capell, who plays a good deal of lawn-tennis, is the second daughter of Adèle Countess of Essex; the Hon. Mrs. Guy Westmacott is the only sister of Lord St. Oswald; the Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Egerton is the wife of Lord Ellesmere's youngest brother; and Lady Lavery is the beautiful wife of the well-known portrait-painter who has just become

SOCIETY AT PLAY ON THE RIVIERA.



READY FOR "BUSINESS"
LADY JOAN CAPELL.



WITH MR. SIMOND:
LADY WATSON.



GOLFING AT MONT AGEL:
THE HON. MRS. KITSON.



WITH SIR PHILIP BURNE-JONES: LADY LAVERY,
WIFE OF THE NEW R.A.



WITH SIR ERNEST CASSEL:
LORD CHAPLIN (RIGHT).

an R.A. Dame Nellie Melba, the famous prima-donna, has also been on the Riviera; and Sir Ernest Cassel; Lord Chaplin, the father of Lady Londonderry; the Duke of Marlborough; and Sir Philip Burne-Jones are other distinguished people who are seen spending a peaceful and enjoyable time watching the strenuous pleasures of lawn-tennis-playing folk. One thing about life on the Riviera is that it may be as leisured or as strenuous as one likes—every man according to his taste.—[Photographs by Navello.]



THE clock of Paris fashion goes round with uncommon regularity. There is a date for everything—including weddings. We are still more than a month from the marriage period—which falls due after Pâques—but already we have been intrigued by a number of romances. Strictly speaking, they are not our affair. But Paris has taken an exceptional interest, for example, in the marriage of Princess Elisabeth of Roumania to the Crown Prince of Greece, because the beautiful daughter of Queen Marie is a very familiar figure in French social life. Again, the marriage of Lord Milner and Lady Edward Cecil became almost an *événement Parisien* because the Gay City, enlivened during the past year or two by jolly little peace parties, has come to know the bridegroom well.

As if we had not enough *papernesses*, here we are filling up census forms, putting down in the allotted space when we were born, where we were born, and why we were born; whether we are bachelors or are still suitable prey for designing *mamans*; whether we have had measles and whooping-cough; what is the name of our tailor; and where we usually spend our evenings. Those of us who have hitherto escaped "Who's Who," and thus are unable to turn up these particulars about ourselves in any book of reference, are sorely perplexed. Where can we find all the required information? It is ten years since such demands were made upon our memory, and it is putting rather a tax upon our knowledge of ourselves. It is bad enough to fill in the income-tax forms—as though we can be expected to be acquainted with these things. But it is worse to have to furnish the Government with such particulars as the size we take in collars.

As for the ladies, it is proposed that when they register their age they should be entitled to forget the five years of war. It is all very well for the young queens of beauty who figure in the Mi-Carême festivities, but it is a cruel demand to make upon some of the best-known actresses in Paris. At one of the Opéra balls a very unkind but witty remark was made by a famous critic. Looking at a stage favourite, he exclaimed: "It is sad to think that even Sarah will be like that in twenty years!"

It is permissible to make these observations in private, but the dramatic critic who used to write with some vivacity finds his occupation gone. He is no longer allowed to deal faithfully with plays and players. He is compelled by the law to say only the most insipid things. If he cannot pay compliments he is reduced to silence. In future it is understood that every playwright is a genius, and every actor a master of his art. The slightest hint to the contrary will bring upon him an avalanche of letters, which he is obliged to publish *in extenso*. The law is called the "Right of Reply." Any refusal to print the statement that an author is a new Molière, and an actor another Mounet-Sully, ends in a prosecution in the law courts.

Therefore, in future it must be distinctly understood that every piece which is put upon the Paris boards is a masterpiece. It is a cheerful thought that hereafter there will be no painful comedies, no comic tragedies, no wearisome dramas seen in Paris. There will be an almost monotonous perfection of talent shown by our players. For the present the public will be allowed to stay away from the theatre if it chooses; but a movement is on foot to make attendance compulsory, lest stage folk should be hurt by the implied criticism of empty stalls.

It is, however, with perfect sincerity that one can praise the wonderful performances now being given by the one and only Loïe Fuller and her school on the stage of the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. This is, perhaps, the most interesting theatre in Paris, thanks to M. Jacques Hebertot, who has converted it into a true Temple of the Arts. I have lost count of the number of dancers who have lately appeared under his management. The Ballets Russes, the Ballets

Suédois, Isadora Duncan, and now La Loïe Fuller, have shown us in succession what a varied art is the dance. The distinctive feature of the choreographic presentation of Miss Fuller is the extraordinary use of coloured lights. They fill and flood the stage, changing, kaleidoscopic, a phantasmagoria of blue and rose and yellow and purple—beautifully blending, magnificently multiplied, making a delicate dream atmosphere. The girls, of all ages, interpret Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Rimsky-Korsakoff's music, Debussy's magical melodies, Darius Milhaud's amazing "Tango."



PYJAMAS FROM PARIS: MISTINGUETT, OF THE CASINO DE PARIS.

The vogue of pyjamas for feminine wear has had considerable success in Paris, and this is not surprising when the fashion is interpreted in the manner illustrated on our page. Mlle. Mistinguett is one of the most popular French actresses, and is as clever as she is pretty.

Photograph by Delphi.

If you want to meet a medley of the fashionable and artistic *monde* of Paris, the Restaurant Vignon, known as The Roof, is the place. It is the first establishment of its kind to be created here. On one floor is a grill-room, on another a restaurant, on a third are salons, and on a fourth is a *salon de spectacle*, where late in the evening begins a sort of elegant *cabaret* entertainment. It is Mme. Rasimi, the directrice of Ba-Ta-Clan (who recently caused a furore in America because of the remarkable and original costumes and the extraordinary *décor*s of her productions), who is in charge of the programme, which changes every night.

It is to be noted that Parisiennes are not taking readily to the new mode, which would make them abandon the slender silhouette that they love for an amplitude that is fantastic. The voluminous taffetas with *ruches* on *ruches*, wide, swelling, immense, are amusing enough on occasion; but Madame tells me that there is a veritable strike movement among womenfolk at the pretensions of some of the *couturiers*. But then, that is not new. There always has been this battle between the svelt and the balloon form.

SISLEY HUNDELESTON.

The Haughty of Haughties and How to Get There.



SPRING IN PARIS: MONSIEUR AND MADAME AMONG THE MANNEQUINS.

The Temples of Fashion in Paris have been revealing a few of their Spring Fashion secrets—and Bryan de Grineau was among the first to view them. This is not too easy a feat, as he explains in his drawings, and the general public are never welcomed in Madame La Mode's "Haughty of Haughties"—one reason for this exclusiveness being,

perhaps, that the "note" of the new creations is always so accentuated at these parades that people not accustomed to the ritual of the great houses of fashion would roar with laughter as the wondrous procession of models passed by. One sees original frocks on mannequins who are daring enough to make anyone not used to fashionable strangeness gasp!

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR THE SKETCH BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU

ALL SPORTING: SOME HORSY



THE HAMPSHIRE MEET AT BENTWORTH HALL:
MRS. PERCY HOWES.



AT THE "BLUES" POINT-TO-POINT: THE HON. MRS.
LADY MORVYTH



WATCHING THE POINT-TO-POINT: MISS TREFUSIS, MISS MARJORIE BRASSEY, MRS. EDGAR
BRASSEY, COL. EDGAR BRASSEY, HON. MRS. CYRIL WARD, AND MRS. L. TAYLOR (L. TO R.).



CHATTING TO LADY COWLEY AT
MEETING: LORD

Our page shows some snapshots taken at the "Blues" Point-to-Point and meet of the Duke of Beaufort's at Hinton, as well, as pictures of the recent meet of the Hampshire at Bentworth Hall, Alton, and a snapshot of The Mackintosh of Mackintosh arriving at St. Fagan's

PICTURES FROM THREE COUNTIES.



CYRIL WARD, LADY COWLEY, LADY HONOR AND WARD (L. TO R.).



A YOUNG SPORTSWOMAN OUT WITH THE HAMPSHIRE : MISS SUSAN DALY.



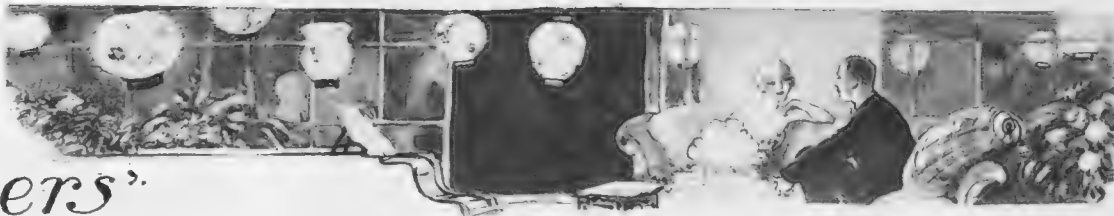
THE "BLUES'" POINT-TO-POINT RIBBLESDALE.



AT A MEET OF THE GLAMORGAN : THE MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH, MISS ACKLAND ALLEN, MRS. ROBERT WILLIAMS, MRS. LAWRENCE WILLIAMS, AND MISS DIANA WILLIAMS.

Cross Roads, near Cardiff, for a meet of the Glamorgan. Lady Honor and Lady Morvyth Ward are the two elder daughters of the Earl of Dudley, and the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward is the wife of his youngest brother.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

"Sunbeams out of Cucumbers"



"He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers."

—GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

THERE is only one thing on earth more beautiful than the Esterelles at sunset, and that is the Esterelles under a full moon. Last night, the wonder of it held me fast in the throes of that particular kind of joy that is so near to pain that you are glad to hide in the shadow of a palm-tree.

The Mediterranean, guarding the secrets of a thousand æons, does not give vent to feeling like the pagan oceans of the outer ramparts. Her heart-beats are the heart-beats of a love fulfilled. Her sighs are retrospective. Her silence has enmeshed the souls of stars so clear and near that almost you hear them speak. Her beaches, buried beneath the long, winding roads of men, are peopled still by mermaids, and, if you believe in God, and you stand alone long enough, you are as certain to say some kind of prayer as you are certain to hear the inner voice that reiterates: "All this beauty have I given to man." And then, because you are with conventional people who have not eyes to see, you climb the Casino steps and plunge into the outer hall, where the plebeians are over-dressed in cheap imitation furbelows—large, middle-class family parties drinking orangeade or playing *boule* with one-franc pieces, or dancing in the small oval space in the middle of the crowd. If you are looking for types to study, you will find them; but you are probably hurried along by an official who is impressed by your fur coat, till you reach the inner sanctuary, where you write your family history and give it confidently to the foreign nobleman with the diamond studs, who then presents you to his brother nobleman, and they all call you "Mi-lord and mi-lady," and open wide the doors of the Holy of Holies.

Or perhaps it is gala night, and you dine first (at a hundred francs a head), in the big restaurant, and you are presented with a gigantic head-dress made of Red Indian feathers, and a noisy instrument; and during dinner, while you are wearing the multi-coloured thing and blowing a penny whistle, you look up suddenly and behold the biggest gossip of your home county, and know you are "for it"!—your dignity is lost for ever. Not again will you be asked to contaminate her young daughters by chaperoning them to the county cricket match. You will certainly never open another bazaar. But presently her British soul is shocked still further. Behold Sir Alan and Lady Johnstone, his Britannic Majesty's quondam representatives at The Hague—behold their revelry and

unadulterated joy. Behold, also, Lady Sarah Wilson and the Duke of Marlborough, her nephew, and Lady Churchill and her daughter and son-in-law, young Brassey; and Constance Duchess of Westminster, and Lady Norreys, and Lady Bingham, and Lady Davies, and Lady Coates, and Princess Glyka, and the Ranee of Pudukota, and Lady Ross, and Lady Headfort, and Princesse Philippe of Bourbon, and the Duchesse de Vallombrosa—and then catch your county lady's eye again. Perhaps she will forgive you after all; perhaps you will still, adorn the platform at her next meeting to hear the Bishop on dress reform. Watch her chatting to Lord Lathom. Already she has forgotten to be shocked.

Sir Ronald McNeill, M.P., is as bent on securing the croupier's attention out here as he is usually determined to catch the Speaker's eye in the House of Commons. Mrs. Paget and the Hon. Mrs. Stanley, and Major and Mrs. Ambrose Dudley, and Lord and Lady Castlemaine, and the Adrian Bethells on their honeymoon, and Mrs. Essex Reade with her cousin, Lord Galway, and Mrs. Caryl Baring with Lady Wavertree, and all the tennis-players—what cosmopolitans they have become! France has absorbed them. Even Neville Lytton looks more than ever Neville Lytton-ish, in spite of a broken bone in his ankle, and he probably is regretting those wasted hours on skis in Switzerland while all this was waiting for him with never a risk to life or limb.

In the degree that your soul is transported by the beauty of Cannes for twenty-nine days, just so much you hate and detest all things on the thirtieth. You begin by feeling unutterably miserable for no reason at all, and you reduce your

maid to tears before she has finished brushing your hair. You shiver down your back while your front burns in the sun. If you only realise it in time, you say: "Oh, the d— *mistral* again," and go back to bed. More probably, you try to brace your nerves by a violent game of lawn-tennis. Then, when you are paying the poor little ball back for all the cruel things the wind is doing to your hat and hair and petticoats, just when you are beginning to feel "quits" by sending a hard one straight into your opponent's stomach, Mr. Simond, in his sternest mood, orders you off the court, as the Champion of the World wants it! You notice that all Cannes, and half the Riviera, and most of Europe have assembled while you played your worst. Your regret at not having worn your newest garters is quickly forgotten by your admiration for the legs of Suzanne Lenglen. You

are too cross to admire her play. You are thoroughly tired of admiring her play. She is as much better than everyone else as you are worse than everyone else, and the monotony of applauding

[Continued overleaf.]



IN CANNES HARBOUR: VISCOUNT FURNESS' YACHT, "SAPPHIRE."

Our photograph shows Lord Furness' yacht, "Sapphire," which has recently been brought into prominence by the fact that Lady Furness died on board recently when the yacht was off Cadiz. She was buried at sea, as it was found to be impossible to bring her body back for interment at Grantley, Yorkshire, as was first intended. Lady Furness was the younger daughter of Mr. G. J. H. Hogg, and the wife of the iron and steel magnate.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



ROMANTICALLY MARRIED TO LORD ALBEMARLE'S SECOND SON LAST WEEK: THE HON. MRS. ARNOLD KEPPEL IN HER HOUSE AT GUILDFORD.

The romantic marriage of Lord Albemarle's second son, the Hon. Arnold Joost William Keppel, to Miss Doris Monica Carter, the twenty-two-year-old daughter of a lime-and-cement merchant, was announced recently. The marriage took place at the Strand Registry Office, and was not attended by either relations or friends, the witnesses being Mr. Keppel's chauffeur and a passer-by. Our photograph shows Mrs. Keppel in her new home, 8, Quarry Street, Guildford. It is a wonderful old house, nearly four hundred years old.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Earl's Daughter and Bride-To-Be.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN J. R. ABBEY: LADY URSULA CAIRNS.

The engagement of Lady Ursula Cairns, second daughter of Earl and Countess Cairns, to Captain J. R. Abbey, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Abbey, of Uckfield House, Sussex, has recently been announced. The bride-to-be is a very beautiful girl, and is in her twenty-second

year. Her elder sister, Lady Hester, is the wife of Captain Robert Croft Bourne, and she has two younger sisters, Lady Katherine and Lady Sheila Cairns; and two brothers, Viscount Garmoye and the Hon. David Cairns.—[*Photograph by Bassano.*]

"SUNBEAMS OUT OF CUCUMBERS."

Continued.

is as irksome as the *mistral*. You determine to applaud poor Miss Ryan instead, who verily is the most gallant girl on earth. Tournament after tournament she finds herself left to face Suzanne in the finals of the Ladies' Singles. Tournament after tournament she hears the umpire shouting to the gallery: "Mlle. Lenglen—game—set—match." When she is gathered to her fathers (Miss Ryan, I mean), if the Lawn Tennis Association paid for the post-mortem, I am very sure they would find just those words written across her plucky but broken heart. "Mlle. Lenglen—game—set—match." But the Riviera doctors would call it influenza. If you dine too well every night for a month, and get common or garden "tummy-ache," it is influenza. If you play bridge at the Cercle Nautique, or baccarat at the Casino with the temperature at about 1000, and then walk home in the *mistral*, no old English "nanny" would call it influenza. She would put your feet in a mustard bath, tuck you up between blankets, and leave you there for a day. But that treatment would not earn a fat income for the medicos.

This is not a treatise on therapeutics, or on any other branch of pathology, but anyone who gets influenza out here *twice* is a fool. Once is enough to teach you to have a fur coat always handy. We English are so unused to the sun that it surprises us out of all reason. We shed

our warm "undies." We pretend we are in the tropics because we see palm-trees. We wear chiffon jumpers and wisps of transparent straw on our heads, and cobweb stockings and no skirts to speak of. We run like hares till we are wet with perspiration; and because the gardens are sunny, we sit there, oblivious of the fact that the wind comes straight from the Alps. Those of us who do not die of our first stupidity certainly should do of our second, for the benefit of the race. And talking of stupidity reminds me of several tennis conversations overheard during the Carlton Tournament. I am no relation to Margot Asquith, so shall not attempt a verbatim report. But it was something like this—

BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED ARISTOCRAT (*à la about fifty, with golden hair and lorgnette*): But, Darling! Aren't you going to watch the tennis? Lenglen is playing!

DARLING (*in the*

early 'thirties—who has been conspicuous in the most expensive seats watching every tournament): Oh, I know she is. But they arrange it all so badly. They are all alike, these tournaments. Why don't they have the finals between the two best players, instead of, invariably, *one* good one against a rabbit?

I could not wait for further elucidation of a tournament, apparently so called for the fun of the thing. Besides, I had to listen to the following—

VERY YOUNG PEERESS (*to the wife of one of England's best players*): On Saturday I mean to begin tennis. Do be an angel and ask your husband to enter with me in the open mixed. I know I shall be bad—but everyone is playing this year.

IRRITATED WIFE (*endeavouring to look amiable*): How disappointing for him! Alas! he has just promised to play with Suzanne Lenglen.

But, feigned or real, the interest and fashion of the game grow apace.

This week, everyone who matters has come to Beaulieu. We left Cannes still blinded by the

mistral, and found the world of villas frozen under a biting east wind. All the gardens are ruined by last month's frost, but the spirit of hospitality reigns supreme. At the Villa Baird, Lady Eva Wemyss and her mother, Lady Cowley, keep open house. Sir John and Lady Ward, at the Villa Rosemary, entertain in their traditional manner. Lady Essex is at her villa with her girl, Lady Joan Capel and some young people; and Maryland, the Wilsons' beautiful villa, is a great retreat for tired gamblers who forsake Monte Carlo only for week-ends. Mrs. Winston Churchill is looking particularly handsome in her simple tailor-made clothes, and is playing in the Beaulieu Tournament with a mysterious Mr. "Charles," who refuses to enter under his own name.

Sir Ernest Cassel was actually at the Hotel Bristol to-day, watching a match between Mrs. O'Neill and Major Rendall against Miss Gosse, a young American player, and her partner, Wallis Myers, the English veteran, who grows daily more and more like President Wilson in appearance.

And Lord Chaplin was there with him, looking very jolly and satisfied with life; and I heard an extra noisy group with their backs to the tennis, and discovered Lady Glanusk in the centre of it telling one of her funny stories as only she can. And, to give a touch of youth and beauty, I found little Violet Sandford, looking particularly pretty, enjoying the sunshine, pretending to watch tennis, while two young Guardsmen quite unaffectedly watched her.

And I heard Captain Jack Hibbert eulogising the advantages of gardening over soldiering, even in the Household Brigade. He has not quite recovered from his illness contracted on active service; but his market garden in the sunshine here ought to cure him.

It almost makes one want to be ordered to live in a garden, too—in a southern garden by the sea, where mimosa and myrtle and rosemary grow—and where freesias and irises make all the grass June-like in January, and where little noisy frogs sing to the moon, and little russet sails come tacking across the bluest bay under heaven—other-world, wonderful little sails, with never a nod save rapture, and never a noise save the little soft splash of the waves across the prow; it certainly makes one content to be lazy. All day long you are content to be lazy. But you are in the merciless tentacles of an octopus called convention. It catches you in the morning on your way to the hill-tops and it hurls you back into the valley of modern life. It feeds you on lobster and caviare, and flings you into the moving crowd of men. It tosses you like a tennis-ball from one mountain fastness to another—from Cannes to Beaulieu, and from Beaulieu on to Monte Carlo; for all the world as though there were method in its madness. And all the while you yourself, the living, inside you—the rebel in chains—all the while you are defying it, and daring it to do its worst, and standing up to it, and declaring that you *will* lead your own life in the sun. No doubt, though, if we could find some untrammelled beach void of Casinos or gala nights, we should at once dream of Cannes as the only earthly paradise. I expect so. IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



AT THE CANNES TENNIS-COURTS: THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

King Manoel has been playing a good deal of tennis in the South of France. Our photographer has snapped him waiting to begin a set on the courts at Cannes.

Photograph by Rey,



WITH MRS. BEAMISH: THE EVER-VICTORIOUS SUZANNE LENGLEN.

Suzanne Lenglen is still the ever-victorious on the tennis-courts of the South of France. Our snapshot shows her with Mrs. Beamish, one of the best of our British players.



WIFE OF THE BRITISH MILITARY ATTACHÉ AT CONSTANTINOPLE: MRS. BAIRD.

Mrs. Baird, whom our photographer snapped at Monte Carlo, is the wife of the British Military Attaché at Constantinople. She is shown in our picture wearing a cherry-coloured cape with effective stripes in black and white.



AFTER A STRENUOUS GAME AT CANNES: MRS. SATTERTHWAITE.

Mrs. Satterthwaite has been playing in the "all star" lawn-tennis in the South of France. Our photograph shows her smiling happily after a hard set.

Youth: Society Girls, Brides-Elect and a Bride.



MISS MARY MURRAY.



MISS OLIVE BELCHAMBER.



MISS NORAH WESTENRA.

MRS. REGINALD DORMAN-SMITH.



MISS FREDA WALDRON.

MISS MARY MOND.



MISS GEORGINA LOBNITZ.



MISS MARY DONALDSON.

LADY RACHEL CAVENDISH.

MISS N. McALPINE.

MISS KATHERINE DONALDSON.

Miss Mary Murray, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Murray, is engaged to Captain the Hon. H. N. Morgan-Grenville, youngest son of Baroness Kinloss.—Miss Olive Belchamber, younger daughter of Mr. Frederick Belchamber, is engaged to the younger son of Baron Bouck of Springfield.—Miss Norah Westenra is the second daughter of the Hon. Peter Westenra.—Mrs. Reginald Dorman-Smith, who was married last week, is the daughter of Lady Watson.—Miss Mary Mond, second daughter of Sir Alfred Mond, is engaged to Mr.

C. L. Morgan.—Miss Freda Waldron, daughter of General F. Waldron, C.B., is engaged to Major S. R. Wason.—Miss Georgina Alwilda Lobnitz, elder daughter of Sir Frederick Lobnitz, is engaged to Commander L. R. Palmer, D.S.O., R.N.—Miss Mary Donaldson is the younger daughter of Lady Albinia Donaldson.—Lady Rachel Cavendish is the fourth daughter of the Duke of Devonshire.—Miss N. McAlpine is the daughter of Mr. Robert McAlpine.—Miss Katherine Donaldson is the elder daughter of Lady Albinia Donaldson.

Photographs by Bassano, Rita Martin, Lafayette, Poole, Waterford; Malcolm Arbuthnot, and Vandyk.



PIERROT. By M. V. WOODGATE.

THE room where Dick Lawson sat was growing dark and shadowy. The blinds were undrawn, and the fire was dying in the grate. Twice an office boy had entered with respectful offers to replenish the latter, but on each occasion Dick had gruffly dismissed him.

"The young governor has had a row with the old governor," was the latter's comment—a comment which did not need immense sagacity, for rows between the two heads of the firm had grown very frequent lately.

His chair drawn up before that fire from which so little heat was coming, Dick sat motionless. His head was resting on one hand, and as he sat there, those shadowy corners seemed still to echo the sound of an angry voice. Dick Lawson and his father offered at all times a great contrast to each other, but never before had the contrast been more remarkable than on that day. For Dick had been so unconscious that he was working badly; had been so amazed at the suggestion that he should do something to right the affairs of the firm, which needed so much righting.

"Yes, it's an awful pity," he had said at the close of a grave statement of his father's regarding them, and as he spoke, his forehead puckered in a frown. "Something should be done. Something should have been done some time ago. In fact, in a funny kind of way, I've been aware of it all for ages, and sort of wondered why no one seemed to take any steps about it."

And with those words, that seemed to him so innocent, his father's wrath had burst upon him.

"Then why the devil didn't you do something yourself? What do you imagine you're here for? When I'm dead and buried, who is to carry on, if not you? You're a rotter, that's what you are, what you've been from the beginning—an idle loafer, too lazy to do anything, too lazy to use what little brains you've got—too—"

For a long time the paroxysm of rage had lasted, and at the end, not waiting for any reply from his son, the elder man had flung himself from the room, slamming the door behind him. That was an hour ago, during which time Dick had scarcely moved from his position. The lamps in the street below had now been lit, and faint yellow light from them was creeping round the room. The room was so silent that once a mouse came out and scuttled from one corner to another. Then at last Dick got up, and crossing to the window, stood a moment looking down upon the street with its intent figures hurrying to and fro—after which he turned away, switched on the light, and sat down before the telephone. Almost at once he got the number he desired.

"Hullo—Miss Mordaunt in? Can I speak to her? Oh, I say, is that you Eleanor? It's me—Dick. Can I come along and see you a moment now? Our dance isn't until quite late, is it? Such a row with the Governor! I can come? Right! I'll get off now at once."

His eyes alight and shining, he replaced the receiver, and a moment after, he was gone, whistling as he went. Hailing a passing taxi, he was soon at his destination—a little house near Eaton Square, where he found Eleanor Mordaunt waiting for him.

He had known her now for very long, but increasingly of late he had found his thoughts occupied with her. She had become the audience to whom, all unconsciously, he was ever acting. Perhaps some day—But here his thoughts always stopped short, for to pursue anything to its final issue was to him almost impossible. She was a little younger than he, yet always she seemed older, for she possessed a sort of wisdom entirely left out in him.

"So you've had a row?" she said, and laughed softly. "What a strange and altogether unusual occurrence! What happened?"—and then as he proceeded, not without a certain humour, to describe the happenings of the afternoon, several times that same low laugh rang out. Yet when he had finished speaking, she did not immediately reply, but waited instead, her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the fire. She waited, indeed, so long that at last he spoke again.

"Well!" he said, "have you nothing to say? No balm with which to heal my wounded spirit?"—and he gave a little laugh, while leaning forward closer to her.

"No," she said, "no, I do not think that this time I have any balm. In fact, I am not certain that for once I am not a little bit upon your father's side." She did not look at him as she spoke; her eyes were still fixed upon the fire. "I think," she said with

apparent irrelevance, "I think you told me it was as Pierrot you were coming to the dance to-night. And in a funny kind of way, Dick, you often remind me of him. Do you know what I mean, I wonder? Do you know his part?"

"Not well enough to see wherein any likeness to myself may lie," Dick answered.

"You do not remember how he tries to catch the butterfly?" she asked. "How he loses Columbine? How he is always just a little bit too late? Life hurries past him, and he can never taste or savour it. He is—how shall I put it?—he is ineffectual. He has no grip."

"Lord," said Dick, "am I like that?"

"A little bit," she answered, "just a little."

Rising to his feet, he laughed, then he crossed to the fire, and stood a moment leaning against the mantelpiece.

"It's an attractive character you've given me," he said. "Someone without any grip, and who never does a thing!"

"Oh, I have been hard on you," she answered, "and very likely I'm all wrong."

"Isn't it Carnival that Pierrot comes in? When next it's on, I'll make a point of going to see it. I expect you're right, Eleanor. The sort of things you've just said are just the sort of things one never knows about oneself. But I'll be off now—to don my Pierrot dress! Later I'll see you at the dance."

Her words had made a deep impression on him, and memory of them was still lingering with him when later he reached his evening's destination.

His arrival was simultaneous with that of Eleanor Mordaunt, and he took from her immediately all the dances she would give him. Dressed as Night, her softly flowing draperies seemed to deepen and enhance her beauty, and he found himself surrendering to her charm more completely than he ever had before.

The room was a long one, running the whole length of the front of the house. Its windows were only screened by light blinds, and down in the square below sound of the band could be most distinctly heard.

"Quite a crowd outside," Dick said as he claimed Eleanor for his second dance, "and it's a funny thing, but I don't much like the look of them—rather a rough lot, so it seems to me."

The evening wore on, and soon he had forgotten the crowd outside—had forgotten everything, indeed, in wondering admiration of the woman dressed as Night from whom his eyes so seldom wandered. How long had he known her? He counted up the years, thinking as he did so how she had always shown for him so marked a preference. Why had he held back—not claimed at once that which, without any conceit on his part, he could see so clearly might be his? "You have no grip. You are always just too late."

Those words ringing in his head, he suddenly turned round. Above the sound of music and of laughing voices he heard another sound curiously ominous—the quick, sharp sound of breaking glass. Into the middle of the room a heavy stone came hurling, and then followed the noise of people shouting in the square without.

"I thought that crowd looked ugly," Dick said. "Someone should have done something about it. I doubt they'll get enough police to hold them," and as he spoke, there came a further sound of crashing glass. Striding across the room, he opened one of the windows, and stood on the balcony outside looking down upon the scene before him. "It's mounted men they want," he said out loud. "Someone should have done something long ago."

Eleanor Mordaunt was at his side. "How like you, Dick!" she said, laughing as she spoke. "Pierrot!"—and she gave another little laugh.

"I didn't know that you were there," and sharply he turned round. "You shouldn't be here, Eleanor. You're a mark for all those blackguards down below," and with a certain roughness he pulled her back into the room.

In his sudden fear for her he had scarcely heeded the words that she had spoken; but now, as she left his side, to join a frightened group standing in one corner, they recurred to him with startling significance. A moment he remained rooted to the spot where she had left him, then he turned to take up his place once more upon the balcony. And there for several minutes he remained, apparently sunk in contemplation of that band of workless men testifying in

[Continued on page 365]

Polly with a Present – Fashion.



FEATURING A TRAILING ARM-AND-WAIST-BAND: MISS EDNA BEST AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Miss Edna Best wears some wonderful dresses in the title-rôle of "Polly with a Past," the new production at the St. James's. They are all designed and made by Rville, and our page shows one of the most beautiful. Carried out in black Chantilly lace, it is provided with an orange taffeta sash, which is not content to

encircle the waist of the wearer, but prolongs its activities and finishes up as an armlet, adorned with a jet ornament. It is further embellished with wreaths of flowers in orange, yellow, and cerise, and is worn with a marvellous crinoline straw head-dress almost entirely covered with black and natural colour birds-of-paradise.

Dress and Head-dress by Rville, Ltd.

COUNTESS, DIPLOMAT'S WIFE, AND BRIDE-ELE



THE SISTER OF SIR PHILIP SASSOON: THE COUNTESS
OF ROCKSAVAGE.



THE BEAUTIFUL WIFE OF THE
MME. EDWARD

Our pages show three of the most lovely women in Society. The Countess of Rocksavage is the wife of the Earl of Rocksavage, the well-known polo-player and lawn-tennis enthusiast, and the sister of Sir Philip Sassoon. Her marriage to Lord Rocksavage, who is the elder son of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, took place in 1913, and she has two sons, the elder of whom, Viscount Malpas, was born in 1919, and the younger, last year; and a daughter, Lady Aline Cholmondeley, who is nearly five. Lady Rocksavage shares her husband's love of outdoor sports, and is a good lawn-tennis

LECT: A TRIO OF LOVELY SOCIETY WOMEN.



OF THE CHILEAN MINISTER:
EDWARDS.



TO MARRY MR. ERIC TATHAM ON MARCH 19:
THE HON. LETTICE DIGBY.

player and keen golfer, and has been playing both games in the South of France.—Mme. Edwards is the wife of M. Augustin Edwards, the Chilean Minister and Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of St. James's. Before her marriage she was Miss Olga Budge, of Santiago de Chile.—The Hon. Lettice Digby, whose marriage to Mr. Eric Tillyer Tatham is fixed to take place quietly, owing to mourning, at All Saints', Whitley, on March 19, is the eldest sister of Lord Digby.—[Photographs by Elliott and Fry Val L'Estrange, and Hugh Cecil.]

An Arabian Night – Mare!



MRS. NOOVORICH: I don't care wot it costs, Josiah and I positively must 'ave lessons—it's so graceful.

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.



FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



"MAINWARING'S" other names were Richard Denzil Blaise; he was one of those richly bizarre fellows who wore outrageous clothes "with a flourish and a bitter kind of gaiety"; he was tall and gaunt and wild; he had a sardonic and irrepressible eloquence; he headed a riot in Trafalgar Square, won a strike in the North, hounded the not-too-willing Lady Whitehaven down in love, and stormed the House of Commons with d'Artagnan abandon. There is no doubt at all he was an exciting, tremendous, and fascinating rascal. And since it is Mr. Maurice Hewlett who tells us about him, there will be no need for me to say that the story of his life is not one to be missed.

I have a feeling that Mr. Hewlett has never told a story better. He gets the full and fantastic flavour out of it, and yet he makes one feel the reality of every one of his characters, with that sharp, clean, ironic style of his. Mainwaring lank, starving, and embittered in Marseilles, with his instinct for killing waiters who present dinner bills, is no less vivid and human than Mainwaring the latest demagogic lion in Venice, making urgent love to his hostess, who herself was actually in love with someone else, and that not her husband. Mainwaring's callous climb to power by the ladder of proletarian sentiment is cruel but true, and so is his whole attitude towards his unexpected wife.

His wife, indeed, is the vivid and beautiful soul of the book. She is exquisite and remarkable. Her father was a carter, and her mother a charwoman. The sight of her on her knees cleaning a door-step conquered Mainwaring, for she was "the most beautiful woman on earth since the Venus of Milo's time." There is a serene and classic nobility about Lizzy. Her magnificent simplicity of heart is a quality as tremendous as her loveliness. Her actions have a Hellenic gesture. She sees through her husband's inspired charlatanism, she endures his neglect, she is under no misconception as to his love affairs, and she asks for no place in the great world, willingly, and in fact actually, acting as his servant. And all the time she is sincere and loyal, even in her love for the teller of the story, even to that end when Mainwaring, true to his instincts, manages to close his life in a great splash of drama.

Mr. William McFee's "Captain Macedoine's Daughter" is a glowing and luscious story of the sun-hot, marble islands of Greece, told in a single night's sitting by Spenlove, a marine engineer. Mr. Spenlove seems to regard life according to the gospel of Conrad, for it is through veils of introspection, allusion, and precise examination of all manner of psychic motives that his tale develops to full drama. It is greatly to the credit of Mr. McFee that he has carried it off with distinction and with a real sense of beauty and power.

Artemisa Macedoine is a creature of complexity and fire. In her her father's diseased "illusion of grandeur" is blended with her half-caste mother's beauty and waywardness. She has a unique complexion. She is half-schoolgirl, half-adventuress. She has "inherited and insatiable cravings for influence over men, and for building up romantic and glamorous memories."

Spenlove tells, with his exquisite sense of the right word, of her coming to his ship as nurse to "the horrible and stupendously smug child" of Captain Evans and his desiccated and implacable wife. The flame of her beauty strikes down all those on board, but Spenlove, with his bachelor inhibitions, is the only one to whom she reacts. She lands at the island of Ipsilon to join her father and his mangy lieutenant, M. Nikitos, in the vague, vast, and impossible financial schemes of the Hellenic Development Company. Mr. Spenlove is given his chance of marrying her, and draws back.

But though he draws back, he is bound into her life. He sees her in London, as the orchid-like mistress of a stoic and opulent Greek, and he responds to her call to visit her at Saloniki. At Saloniki all the characters are involved in a revolution made terrific and real by its very casualness, and, at the moment when Spenlove and Artemisa seem to reach the consummation of their introspective amour, the thing is dashed from their lips.

Mr. S. P. B. Mais states quite frankly: "I am not analysing so much as enjoying," when he writes about all manner of authors in "Why We Should Read—". After taking off his coat and pounding the critics for a round or two—surely he isn't right when he declares "literary critics are men of intelligence who have read everything and damned most things"?—he launches out in a fine frenzy of high-pressure praise.

There is no doubt at all about his zest and high spirits. He, of course, chooses deliberately the authors he likes, and he likes them full and strong. What is more to the point, he wants everybody to like them. He urges one to read "Tom Jones" in order "to recapture the first careless rapture of the full-blooded, honest attitude of the country-bred Englishman of the eighteenth century." He tells one that Boswell is the book to slip into the pocket to read "at random while waiting for a train, a doctor, or a dentist." Iris Tree should be read "for her vivacity, her hatred of shams, her intellectual fireworks." Donne will act as "a corrective of lazy thinking," and "The Beggar's Opera" will set one a-tingle with its atmosphere "of brilliant wit, of racy coarseness, of satiric richness, which marked the healthy century that gave it birth."

Mr. Mais's method is quite an excellent one. He stimulates by his spirit of infectious enthusiasm. He seems to button-hole one, crying in a cheery tone, "Have you read Santayana?"—or it may be

J. D. Beresford, or E. C. Booth, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Nekrasov, Golgol, or even Professor Weekley's "The Romance of Words."

If you answer no, he tells you eagerly that of course you must, and he runs off a fire of praise and a string of stimulating quotations.



LECTURING AT THE INSTITUT FRANÇAIS DU ROYAUME UNI TO-MORROW, MARCH 10: M. PAUL HYACINTHE LOYSON, THE FAMOUS FRENCH AUTHOR.

M. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, the famous French author, is giving a lecture to-morrow, March 10, at 9.15 p.m., at the newly opened Institut Français du Royaume Uni. He is being entertained at dinner on March 16 at the Lyceum Club, where Lady Frazer will take the chair. Lady Frazer is the wife of Sir James George Frazer, author of "The Golden Bough," etc. She is responsible for the English version of one of M. Loyson's books, which was published by Hodder and Stoughton in 1917, as "The Gods in the Battle"; and M. Loyson translated "The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings," by Sir James George Frazer, into French. It appeared in 1920 as "Les Origines Magiques de la Royauté."

Mainwaring. By Maurice Hewlett. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

Captain Macedoine's Daughter. By William McFee. (Secker; 9s.)

Why We Should Read—. By S. P. B. Mais. (Grant Richards; 9s.)

Mi-Carême Majesties: Queen of Queens and Queens.



A TYPICAL PARISIENNE
BEAUTY
WITH DARK HAIR
AND
FLASHING EYES.

1. Mlle. SIMONE NIQUET.
2. Mlle. YVONNE AUFÉE.
3. Mlle. HÉLÈNE BEMERS.
4. Mlle. GENEVIÈVE FELIX.
5. Mlle. FERNANDE RAYNAL.
6. Mlle. SUZANNE HAHN.

7. Mlle. S. MICHIE D'ARBON.
8. THE QUEEN OF QUEENS: Mlle. YVONNE BECLU, OF THE 13TH ARR.
9. Mlle. SUZANNE CICE.
10. Mlle. RAYMONDE NOYET.
11. Mlle. JULIA JANVIER.

12. Mlle. ETIENNE LABEYRIE.
13. Mlle. ANNA POINT.
14. Mlle. ALICE ULPEN.
15. Mlle. EMMA HAVARD.
16. Mlle. GERMAINE EMERY.
17. Mlle. LECLERC.

18. Mlle. LAORANGE.
19. Mlle. GERMAINE DANIEL.
20. Mlle. SUZANNE NIVET.
21. Mlle. LOUISE BRUGNON.
22. Mlle. ANDRÉE LEGENDRE.
23. Mlle. FERNANDE SYLVAND.

Our page shows the Mi-Carême "Queens" of Paris, grouped round Her Majesty the Queen of Queens, Mlle. Yvonne Beclu, a typist from the 13th Arrondissement. It is noticeable that of the Queens of Beauty acclaimed this year, nearly all are brunettes, as the dark beauty is still the prevailing Parisian type; but what is a curious change from pre-war

Mi-Carême Majesty is that the typist now appears to reign supreme, not the "midinette" of classic tradition. Of the twenty-three Queens, only three are employed in fashion-houses, and there are several shorthand-typists and a couple of violinists in the crowd of beauties. The Queen of Queens herself is a shorthand-typist.

The Wife of "Dizzy's" Heir.



MARRIED TO THE NEPHEW OF THE LATE LORD BEACONSFIELD : MRS. CONINGSBY RALPH DISRAELI, O.B.E.

Mrs. Coningsby Ralph Disraeli is the wife of Major Coningsby Ralph Disraeli, of Hughenden Manor, High Wycombe, Bucks, the nephew

and heir of the late Lord Beaconsfield. Before her marriage she was Miss Marion Silva.—[*Photograph by Yevonde.*]



WITH the Return of Spring (bird-noises in adjacent shrubbery, please, and soft music off), our country becomes a shade more inhabitable between Saturday and Monday. And about time. Because there is nothing more detestable and prolonged than the farce of the winter week-end.

You don't enjoy it. You know you don't. But you keep going whenever They ask you Down. It can't be because you enjoy the draughty scamper through a London terminus which begins it. Or the clammy little train journey that is too long to fill up with newspapers, and too short for the indulgence of a book.

Or even the arrival, when you step out on to the platform praying that They have a closed car and find nothing in sight between you and the wind-swept horizon except a quite peculiarly roofless Ford. And so on; right through the catalogue of country miseries until you reach the perfect felicity of the Monday morning, when you go singing back to Town and fires and comfortable chairs and your own, own bed.

But nowabouts this perennial little institution is beginning to put on more tolerable features of a pleasing vernality. Even in the Surrey Oberland up above Haslemere, where the principal occupation of the population (temporary) seems to be standing about at the corner waiting for the motor-omnibus that goes to Farnham. Whilst the sole employment of the population (permanent) demonstrably consists of standing about at the corner watching the population (temporary) standing about at the same corner waiting for the motor, etc. . . . that Jack built. . .

And there, on the chilly mountain tops, you can just begin to raise a pleasant glow by walking smartly to the edge of the Punch Bowl (which some future Pussyfoot Conservancy will undoubtedly call "Mr. Johnson's Cuspidor"), reading all about the Base and Brutal Murder. And turning sharp home again—whether your road lies to the right towards the Beacon, or straight on to Moorlands and an unexpected galaxy of more than Metropolitan cooking.

One is always glad to note (in the strictly incorruptible manner peculiar to Herr Eadecker), the improvement of any resort accessible to the harassed and persecuted Londoner. And Moorlands, Hindhead, has really bettered itself out of all knowledge, as its denizens are beginning to recognise. But unfortunately for hotel-keepers, gratified denizens have a selfish way of keeping their gratification strictly to themselves. Because too many denizens (the fact has been noticed over and over again) spoil the soup—as well as the fish and the rest of the menu.



SPEED-RECORD BREAKERS AT ST. MORITZ: THE CREW OF THE BOB "PST."

Our photograph shows the crew of the Bob "Pst" at St. Moritz, the names, from left to right, being Mr. William Dunville, Miss J. de Becker, Mr. Demetrio Olavegoya (steerer), Mr. Paddie Cullinan, and Mr. A. Pons (breakman). Their bob broke the speed record of the last few years by coming down in 1 min. 33.35 sec. in the Derby race.

But all down the Portsmouth Road, from the lanes above Petersfield, where the little co-educated darlings of Bedales go two by two, to the smiling back streets of Cosham, one could see the Signs of Spring (steady with that bird-warbler, stage-hand). Whether they manifested themselves by dusting the trees with faint green, or by linking the arms of sailors and their lasses along the stretch of road between Portsmouth Town Hall and the landward forts.

And after the spring, the summer. With all the Pumps and Splendours of London, seen (by most of us) through the ever-open eye of the camera. And it is coming. Quick. Not far off now are those shade-barred (not spot-barred, foolish) portraits of the great and good absorbing the ozone near the Serpentine. And the dusty evening gentlemen with race-glasses on, just back from green fields and little horses. And the Theatrical Garden Party. And so on, and so forth. The year Twenty-One is getting on. It will be—suitably enough—of age soon.

And then we shall all begin to look back and remember how gay and brilliant was the dismal period in which we are now living. It will most likely be known to historians of the future as the Age of the Beggar's Opera. Because it is against a background of Newgate and Captain MacHeath that most of us live our little, contemporary lives.

Nothing is more surprising, really, than the way in which that genuine antique Looms. It does. It Fair does. The lives of the oddest and most unlikely people are filled and coloured with reverberations and reflections (as the case may be) of the Lyric, Hammersmith. Long may it last!



IN THE GARDEN AT GLYNN, BODMIN: THE HON. DOUGLAS VIVIAN, LADY VIVIAN, LADY IRENE HAIG, VISCOUNT DAWICK, AND THE HON. URSULA VIVIAN. Lord Dawick and Lady Irene Haig, the two younger children of Earl and Countess Haig, are staying with Lord and Lady Vivian at Glynn, Bodmin, Cornwall, during their parents' visit to South Africa. Our photograph shows them in the garden there with Lady Vivian and her son and daughter.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

Including the Prince of Wales: Some Hunting Enthusiasts.



"GOOD HUNTING!" MISS GERRARD SMITH TAKES A STIRRUP-CUP AT A MEET OF THE ALBRIGHTON



MAKING TOWARDS THE FIRST COVERT: MRS. EWEN WILLIAMS WITH THE GLAMORGAN.



WITH LADY FREDERICK, WIFE OF THE M.F.H.: THE PRINCE OF WALES OUT WITH THE PYTCHLEY.



WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWERS OF THE GLAMORGAN: MR. CLARK, MRS. L. G. WILLIAMS, AND MISS DIANA WILLIAMS.



THE HAMPSHIRE MEET AT BENTWORTH HALL: COLONEL AND MRS. BARTHOLOMEW.



WITH LADY BURNEY AT THE BENTWORTH HALL MEET: COMMANDER BURNEY.

Our page of hunting enthusiasts includes the Prince of Wales, whom our photographer snapped out with the Pytchley, with Lady Frederick, wife of Sir Charles Frederick, the Master. The meet of the Glamorgan

which we picture on this page was at St. Fagan's Cross Roads, near Cardiff; that of the Hampshire at Bentworth Hall, Alton; and the Albrighton at Lillieshall Hall, near Newport.

Photographs by S. and G., T.P.A., P.I., and Poole, Waterford.

Getting to Bed Rock!



UNCLE: And I hope, Robert, that you say your prayers every night.

ROBERT: You bet I do, Uncle; and so would you if you slept in a folding-bed like mine!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

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of Pepsodent
See below



Now Brush Teeth

In the new way—Remove the film

All statements approved by authorities

Try this new way of teeth cleaning. The test is free. It has brought to millions whiter, cleaner teeth. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. See the results, then learn what they mean to you.

What the film may do

There is on your teeth a viscous film. You can feel it—that viscous coat. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and remains. It is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles.

It is this film-coat that discolours—not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Five important effects

Pepsodent has five effects, all of them essential to cleaner, whiter teeth. One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to combat starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

In two ways it attacks the films directly. Then it keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

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Now we combat it

Dental science has in late years found a way to fight film, day by day. High authorities have proved it by many careful tests.

Millions of people have adopted it, largely by dental advice. To careful people it is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

These new methods are all embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And you are urged to prove it by a pleasant ten-day test.

It differs vastly from the old-time tooth pastes, which dentists now know were wrong.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Within a week you will know that your teeth are protected as they never were before. And you will always want your teeth to look and feel like that. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent MARK
TRADE

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised for daily use by leading dentists and supplied in large tubes by all druggists.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name

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Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.



Without Prejudice

OUR art is beginning to take a tip from our statesmanship. In both spheres the past few years have seen a great and increasing stream of tendency running in favour of the One Man Show. The constitutions of the world are notoriously democratic. Every man, woman, and child from Latvia to Costa Rica is a Free and Independent Voter. But there was never a time when the nations tended more to concentrate authority in one pair of hands. Monarchy may be *vieux jeu* nowadays over large portions of the globe. But we have our crowned heads still. And more than ever. Even if they are mostly crowned with a bowler hat. Helped out with the morning coat and brown boots which are now *de rigueur* for Peace Conferences.

One notices the tendency in public life clearly enough. Even in Cardigan. And the jolly little mushroom growth of small galleries is bringing it increasingly into art. Because you could hardly (could you?) compress the work of more than a single Master into the tiny space that is available at most of the little picture-show rooms in Hampstead and Chelsea. Not to mention the Adelphi.

And so the tendency creeps on and on. Until it reaches that last breakwater of British conservatism, the London theatre. Shocking, revolutionary tendencies to new dramatists and repertory companies manifest themselves earliest in the provinces, and last of all within the Metropolitan cab-radius. Manchester got its daily quota of Horniman and Galsworthy years and years before the Everyman Theatre ventured diffidently into one of the more high-brow suburbs of London.

In which distressing circumstances it is not surprising that the tendency to the One Man Show has been so slow to reach our stage



IN THE BEST OF HEALTH AT MONTE CARLO:
SIGNOR PUCCINI, THE FAMOUS COMPOSER.

The story of Puccini's serious illness was soon contradicted, for, as our photograph shows, the famous composer is in the best of health. Our photographer snapped him outside the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo.

up here in Town. But it has come. Indubitably. And with horrid effect. Partly, of course, it is due to the parsimony of managements. The poor things take an in-Town theatre and are forced by the syndicates (growls of indignation!) to pay such a

detestable rent in order to keep Mr. X. in Rolls-Royces (the poor man can hardly know where to turn for his next ten thousand pounds) that there is scarcely any money left over from the comparatively unimportant business of providing an entertainment for the poor dear public.

But, of course, *that* doesn't matter, does it? The feeble little creatures have got to go to whatever is going. They can't get away because of the high railway fares. And so you (if you happen to be a management) have got them where you want them. Hence the One Man Show. It saves salaries, you see.

Even the greatest of our actresses succumbs to this tendency. "Miss Nell o' New Orleans" is, as President Lincoln used to say, a play with Miss Irene Vanbrugh, for Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and (to quote the programme) Miss Irene Vanbrugh. Although Miss Helen Spencer just manages to keep her head above water cleverly enough. And perhaps Mr. Leslie Faber. But, otherwise, it is a frankly monistic (no, stupid, not monastic) play.

So, also, one fears from the announcements, the Robey-de-foie-gras at the Alhambra. We want our George a trifle garnished. In a setting, you know, like any other gem. And "attended"—like the kings in Shakespeare. Dearly as we love him, it won't, it really won't do just to slap him down on a plate before us and serve him up *nature*.

No. Our stage went through a lamentably stellar period in the Age of the Actor-Managers about twenty years ago, and one was beginning to hope that we had got over it. Because one star doesn't make a success. And in any event there is lots and lots of talent which you will only discover by giving the little 'uns a chance. As one learnt at the Lyric the other evening.

There is that Little Dutch Girl, who so admirably resembles Miss Maggie Teyte. Her Court was charmingly assembled in her palace for the first act the other evening, when there walked on . . . was it? . . . could it be? . . . (interval for hasty reference to programme and pained consultation of tell-tale slips). . . . a young lady called Miss Renée Morrell. She was not the Sacred Star. She had a particularly trying part. And exceedingly well she did it. That is the sort of talent that we all want to unearth. And if you permit your drama to degenerate, along with your art and your politics, into a dismal succession of One Man Shows, you will never manage it.



A WELL-KNOWN BARITONE WHO GAVE
A CONCERT LAST WEEK AT STEINWAY
HALL: MR. DE CARO.

Mr. de Caro, the well-known singer, gave an interesting concert last Friday (March 4) at the Steinway Hall. As well as singing several operatic numbers, he read some passages from his book, "The Art of Singing," and demonstrated their meaning.

Photograph by Hana.

The Finishing Touch.



JUST a little Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream, and your toilet is perfect. It gives that last dainty touch which adds the fascination of a complexion radiantly clear and fresh to the charm of your costume.

Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream keeps the skin smooth and clear, gives the complexion a dainty bloom, and protects it from the extremes of heat and cold.

Royal Vinolia Complexion Powder is delightful when used with Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream. Three tints; Blanche, Naturelle and Rachel. 2/- per Box.



Pots, 1/3;
Tubes,
7½D. & 1/-

ROYAL VINOLIA VANISHING CREAM





ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Here Comes Bobby Jones.

Bobby will be with us soon; he is preparing for the voyage now—Bobby Jones. In his way, he is much like those stupendous prodigies that come up out of the East playing Chopin and Beethoven on the piano to marvellous effect when they have fewer years than fingers, though to hear them you might think they had been over-fingered by Nature. But Bobby Jones has come out of the West—Georgia. And, in the same way, there is more of Bobby than normal men, or even champions, think there ought to be. Nearly every golf prodigy before this—we might make it stronger, and say absolutely all of them—have had marvellous shots, but have failed on what has seemed an imperative demand in champion golf for that super-solid steadiness that comes only from experience. But though no other boy ever had it before, Bobby Jones, of Atlanta, Ga., possessed it almost to perfection

when only seventeen. Such a phenomenon is beyond explanation, but one American theory is that there has been some transmogrification of a scheme of life first invented by the famous Faust, Bobby having acquired extra years and experience from the devil, with the result that some time later he will be hopelessly young, not knowing how to stand, or where to put his feet, or how to keep an eye upon the ball. Realising golf—one's own personal experiences—this, at a romantic sort of guess, seems what may happen. A child who hobnobs with Harry Vardon in the manner of an equal while still in teens, and on the course on the day gives the Lord Harry as hard a game as he desires to have, will not last all his life like that. Five seasons back he played in his first amateur championship, being then only fourteen, and on a difficult course—Philadelphia—he did 74 in his first qualifying round. Then he beat great men and reached the next round to the semi-final, when Gardner, last year's American finalist at Muirfield, overcame him. He has done much more since. Now he is coming to England for the Amateur Championship at Hoylake. He will be the great attraction in golf during the month of May.

Bad Start of the Georgia Kid.

I have heard some interesting things about the life that has been lived for these eighteen years by the "Kid Wonder," as they have called him over there. It is his birthday on Thursday of next week—March 17—when he will be nineteen. His papa and mamma never thought they would raise him, for you never saw such a puny, weak little baby. It had no solid food for the first five years of its life, though it had six doctors in that period. Then Pa Jones took heroic measures, determining to turn the kid out to

grass, as they said, meaning that, as it seemed clear he would never live in the ordinary way, something might be risked if there was a good sporting chance. So they took his shoes and stockings off, and let him run wild about the country, playing about on the Georgia earth. In a month he was eating boiled eggs, and in two more could have eaten the golf balls that he watched in their flight on the East Lake golf course of the Atlanta Athletic Club, adjacent to his home. But he only watched; no feverish desire came upon this Georgia child. Pa Jones did not play golf, but was keen on baseball, so the Georgia kid had no encouragement that way. But they lived in a boarding-house, and there was a golfer of the name of Caldwell in it, who on afternoons when not on the course would hang around with his clubs and try fancy grips and things like that. The Kid watched him at this mysterious business, and wondered. Mr. Caldwell was starting in on American golf history then if he had only known it.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT HOLY TRINITY, BROMPTON ROAD: MR. REGINALD DORMAN-SMITH, HIS BRIDE, MISS DOREEN WATSON, THE BEST MAN, AND BRIDESMAIDS.

The marriage of Mr. Reginald Dorman-Smith, son of Major E. P. Dorman-Smith, and Miss Doreen Watson, only daughter of the late Sir John Watson, Bt., and of Lady Watson, was celebrated at Holy Trinity, Brompton Road. The bride was given away by her brother, Sir Derrick Watson, Bt., and was attended by two pages—Master Peter Saunders and Master Teddy Jewesbury; and three bridesmaids—Miss Jeanette Watson, Miss Eileen Shaw, and Miss Peggy Robertson-Aikman, who are shown in the photograph, as well as Mr. Dennis Goodson, the best man.

Photograph by Bassano.

A Secret of His Success? Our friend Caldwell, genial soul,

asked the Kid if he would like to try with a club. Yes. But the child was short and the club was long; and the result of the swing was that the ball was missed, and the Kid got badly poked in the stomach with the end of the shaft. It is necessary to state all this because we are approaching to something really important, which may have influenced the whole game and career of the Kid. Caldwell nipped into the house and brought out an old club he didn't want any more, and cut the shaft down to suit the child. The whole of the grip part was sawed off, and, as no new grip was applied, the child did his first swings and kept at them for some time on the bare shaft. That is the important thing. He became used to this extremely thin grip, no artificial grip at all, and his fingers were thus strengthened. He has had this advantage of playing with thin grips ever since, for, though great golfers have used thick grips, everybody knows, and the foremost professionals will tell you, that the thinnest grips are hardest to play with; but that if you can play with them you get greater results that way. . . . The rest happened in the usual way. There was another child in the house who began to play about with a golf club, and the two made "holes" for themselves along the street and over waste land, and so forth. At eleven, Bobby was doing better than 80 on the East Lake golf course, and at twelve he won an invitation tournament at the Roebuck Country Club. He has been in the final of the American Amateur Championship, and is reckoned one of the three best amateur golfers in the United States. He has not yet had time to contract any bad habits.

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Good Things of Life———A Good Housekeeper and

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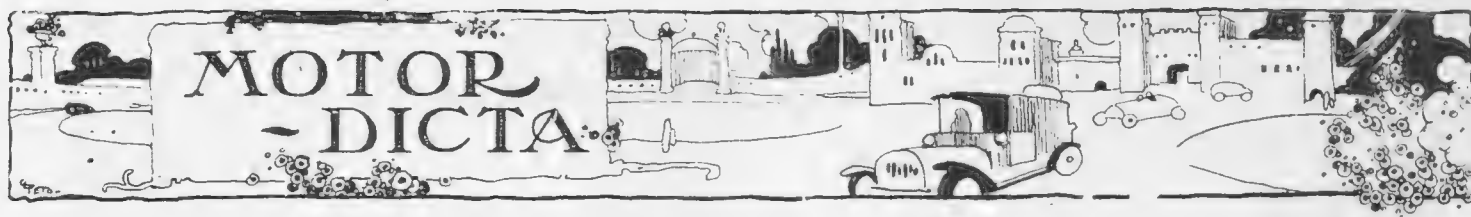
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Try also the very latest in sweetmeats, Mackintosh's Egg & Cream-de-Luxe. Also Chocolate Toffee-de-Luxe, a blending of the finest of Chocolate with the best of Toffees.



P. I. ©



A BRIGHT SPOT AT BRUM: CLUB NOTES AND NEWS. By GERALD BISS.

SINCE I wrote a few days ago about the wonderful figures of Colonel Forbes's old Wolseley, I have had an invitation to go up to "Brum" and inspect the post-war working of the Company's ninety-nine-acre works up at Adderley Park; but the often fatal combination of an unnaturally bright sun, coupled with a biting east wind and an open car, conspired successfully to relegate me instead to my seldom bed, with steam-kettles, Pussy-foot emulsions, and such bronchitic paraphernalia. This visit, of which I hear great accounts, arose from one or two depressed Pressmen sympathising with Mr. McCormack, O.C. Wolseleys; and to their surprise, he showed himself remarkably cheerful about the state of the motor industry—at least, as illustrated by the Wolseley Works. His answer to their incredulity was, "Come and see," and the result was last week's trip to the very heart of Automobildom. The further result was that it was brought home to one and all that the Wolseley folk, at any rate, were not downhearted, with their huge factories turning out thousands of high-grade cars, upon a large serial basis, with seven thousand hands working steadily on full time, and all too busy to think about depression, with the ten, fifteen, and twenty h.p. models in full swing. Sir Vincent Caillard, the chairman, did not fail to emphasise the difficulties which they, as well as the rest of the industry, had had to face, not least of all the moulders' strike, which had so completely thrown production out of gear, and caused vast accumulations of stock in other departments, which accounted for the present conditions, both of financial stringency and unemployment in the motor industry—an example of Labour cutting off its own nose to spite its face, to say nothing of the faces of its brothers-in-tools. Even writing from a super-heated sick-room, after a dose of something particularly nauseous and pungent, I can say with certainty that Wolseleys are going strong because they are on the right track, and turning out the right stuff; and whatever the result of this present slump, I prophesy without fear that each of their well-conceived and well-graded models will come out of this slough of despond with flying colours. As things stand, I can quite believe that they are not in a position to reduce their prices, as they did not try to put them up to start with. Since the last time I was up at the Wolseley Works in 1914, much water and much blood have flowed under the bridge, and a vast amount of unexpected work has been done in the factory, which has grown out of all recognition. To our ideas in those days, it was a huge factory; now, to borrow a favourite word from our guests at the Savoy, it is *Kolossal*.

The Heavier Side.

Moreover, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders have strenuously decided on no account to be downhearted, which, after all, is half the battle, as one has begun to realise amongst the dreary and dismal dogs one meets everywhere, growling over the compulsory reversion to pints of beer after quarts of champagne during seven fat

years, when no one haggled, and the authorities bought without money and without price. Having fixed the car exhibition for November as usual, despite absurd rumours, excogitated during long unprofitable periods of idleness, the pundits of the automobile world have now announced a "heavy" show at Olympia next October, despite the desire of many of the faint-hearted and overstocked to give it a miss in baulk. Personally, it is a policy I thoroughly believe in, and I am convinced that by October the world will require an exhibition of commercial cars, which was just too late last October, and missed fire, and that the manufacturers of lorries will require the stimulus of a show; or else the state of Denmark and every other country will be so utterly rotten that nothing much will matter. By the way, talking of shows, I must congratulate our one and only financial big stick, "Austen," upon his sudden glimpse of intelligence and his polite promise to consider favourably the suggestion to exempt purely trade exhibitions from the entertainment tax, which always struck me as the height of absurdity, and a most paradoxical endeavour to add a worse than unnecessary burden upon industry already at cracking point.

The R.A.C. and Horse-Racing.

This year, although the R.A.C. is sternly turning its face away from automobile racing as anathema, it is, on the other hand, smiling most graciously upon horses in their courses, and becoming quite the patron saint of the race-course enclosure. Starting with Ascot some years before the war, the last two years it has roped in Goodwood, and now it is announced that the R.A.C. is to control the car enclosures at Lincoln, when the tapes go up on the Carholme for the season. The fee will be 3s. 6d. a day, and R.A.C. guides will be in charge. Later in the week, the R.A.C. will be in evidence at Aintree, where reserved places may be booked at half-a-guinea for the three days, of which a big slice has already been taken up. At Epsom, in view of its country club-house at Woodcote Park, which opens right on to the course, the R.A.C. has a substantial stake, and is one of the bodies spending £18,000 on road improvement, in order to accommodate the traffic to the Derby, and, incidentally, contributing 1340 yards of road flint from the Woodcote Park estate itself. Everyone who motored to the Derby last year will agree that it is high time something were done, as it was simply intolerable, and frankly not worth it.

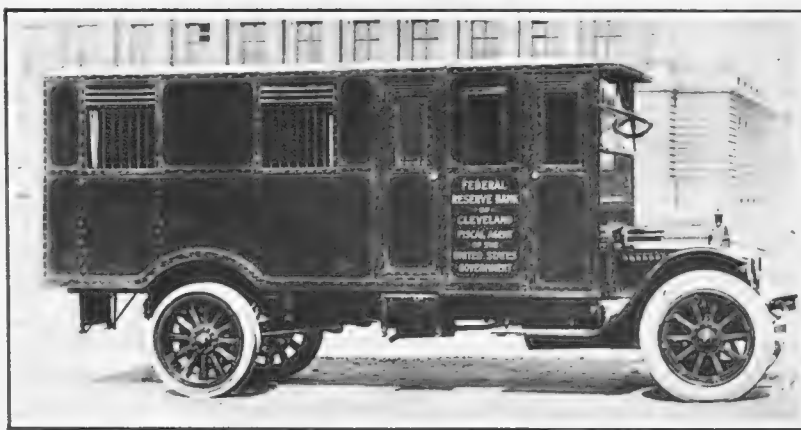
The Road Club Gives Notice.

I was very sorry to receive a formal notification of what I have been fearing for some time: that the Road Club does not anticipate being able to carry on after June 30, the end of its financial year—unless certain negotiations are brought to a successful conclusion. The Club is paying its way, but it is the only too painfully familiar story of financial stringency, debenture-holders, the bank and all those contrary ingredients of finance so much accentuated of late. It is a great pity after all the money spent on the Club eighteen months ago, and I, for one, shall be very sorry.



WINKING EIGHTY WARNINGS A MINUTE: A LAND LIGHT-HOUSE FOR AUTOMOBILE TRAFFIC. (INSET—THE WARNING AS SEEN AT NIGHT).

This little "land light-house" can flash eighty warnings a minute to advise automobile traffic of danger. It has a standardised range of colour signals, as in the case of the railroads, and has been adopted by over a hundred cities in the United States.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]



AN ARMoured TRAVELLING BANK: THE WAY SECURITIES AND BULLION ARE MOVED IN THE U.S.A.

Armoured cars for the transfer of large sums of money and valuable securities are used by many American banking houses and business organisations. Our photograph shows one of these vehicles, with a steel, bullet-proof body, and heavily barred windows, which can be covered up with steel shades at the first sign of attack.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

DUGGIE'S
FIRST RULE
NO
LIMIT

Why Look for Any Other?



Lord Robert : By Jove ! What a name " Duggie " must have among those who *know*. Just been looking through the comments of the great Sporting Papers, and what they say about him is simply wonderful.

Sir James : Yes, the *Daily Mail* speaks of his figures for the " Double " as being the largest of any Turf Accountant, so no wonder the *Sporting Life* backs this up by naming him as " By Far the greatest Turf Accountant in the World."

Lord Robert : Our friend *John Bull* says " He's Safe as the Bank of England," and the *Tatler* advises its readers to " Select Douglas Stuart."

Sir James : Oh, they all say about the same. The *Sportsman* calls him " A pioneer and introducer of new ideas," and the *Sporting and Dramatic* chimes in by " Strongly recommending this exceedingly enterprising, liberal and reliable agency." Some praise, What !

Lord Robert : Oh, I've noticed simply dozens of similar Press comments, but the one that strikes me most is the one a few days ago by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who said, " His name stands for all that is Best in the Racing World."

Sir James : Considering that he is always under the limelight, the unanimity is splendid. Makes one wonder why the Backers ever look for any other.

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Now is the Time for Shopping.

Now is the time for shopping, so all the wise people say, and really I'm not at all sure that I don't agree with them. Prices are literally shillings and shillings lower than they were. It is even possible to get garments of the kind not generally seen—"undies," in fact—at prices lower than in the sales, and they have the added attraction of being quite fresh and unsoiled by the gloves of many admirers. One does hear that the fascinating notices that assure you that such

prices are below cost and will never come again, and so forth, are not at all healthy signs. Well, political economy never was my strong point, and, anyhow, feminine human nature, I feel sure, is hardly equal to the test of refraining from buying attractive things at favourable prices when there have been so many years of enforced economy, and—horrid thought!—abstinence from Milanese or ninon or georgette in favour of perhaps more serviceable, but not nearly so fascinating, nainsook or lawn.

Still Keen.

I haven't noticed, either, that such abstinence has blunted woman's appetite for lovely "underneath." During the war I remember being told that it was the munitionettes who helped to keep up the demand for undergarments of the more frivolous kind. But now there seems a general return to silken loves, and, with the prices as they are at the

soften the straight outline. In fact, there is no end to the nic-et-ceteras provided for the benefit of that very sensible human being, the woman who hates to wear anything but pretty things, whether her audience is restricted to herself or includes the charming friends who aren't at all above making adverse comments on her taste if they get a loophole for doing it.

Popular Milanese.

Chiffon is *chic*, georgette is graceful, ninon is as nice as nice can be, but Milanese is first favourite with the woman on the look-out for silken underwear. Perhaps it is not altogether strange. It wears remarkably well, and is infinitely more easy to handle as regards washing than the materials mentioned above. Always remember to avoid soda and washing powders. The right way to wash Milanese is to use luke-warm water and pure soap. Then rinse the garments in cold water, pull them down lengthways *while wet*, and dry slowly. Not difficult, is it?—but, like so many simple things, so often neglected, with the result that disappointment arises where there should only be pleasure.

Fashions in Nightdresses.

All this talk of undergarments in Milanese must not be taken as indicating that fashion overlooks the "nightie." There are still people who visualise it in terms of stout calico or nice thick flannel—"so good for rheumatism, my dear." They do more than that—they wear things that answer to this description. But this country is still, fortunately, in some respects a free one. So far an official nightdress control department does not seem to have originated in the bright brain of any ruler. At the moment, so long as she can pay for it or get her

Embroidery adds to the attraction of *crêpe-de-Chine*; and tulle frills make a pretence of protecting the ears from draughts.

husband to consent to provide the right sum, a woman can wear any kind of "nightie" she likes; and a very little study of the models at Peter Robinson's will prove that spring dress models are not more varied than the examples of night-wear to be found in these salons.

Take Your Choice.

It is, in brief, a case of you pays your money and you takes your choice. And if the choice is varied, as it quite certainly is, you are not going to find woman grumbling about such a matter. Does Milanese appeal to you? Here is one with a kilted net frill adorning the neck and short sleeves, and running down one side of the robe. Is *crêpe-de-Chine* your fancy? Then what about a plain hemstitched model that costs

less than thirty shillings? Or, if something more ambitious is wanted, the same material is to hand allied with delicate handwork and fine lace. In fact, all a woman has to do is to state her requirements; Peter Robinson's then fulfil them.



Drawn-thread work looks quite as effective as lace for decorative purposes.

Regent Street house of Peter Robinson, you can't wonder at it. Ella Fulton looked in to make some sketches, and you'll admit that her selection is attractive to the eye. Swansdown trims both the gowns, the one of cyclamen *crêpe-de-Chine* lined with ninon, the other of pale lilac-silk *zenana*. There were people—were there not?—who raised hands and wagged tongues in protest at the mere suggestion of the bed-room entertaining mentioned by "Margot"; but really the woman who sees her friends—note the plural, please—in the privacy of her boudoir these days is not a complete rarity, and rest cures and convalescence give one endless opportunities of wearing beautiful *négligés* which, when one comes to examine them, are certainly far more substantial and take their duties much more seriously than the average evening or even afternoon gown.

Some Details of Beauty.

So, to revert to the sketches once more, there is that *matinée* jacket specially designed to make fatigue or the "getting well" process not wholly unattractive. In fact, being of pink *crêpe-de-Chine*, it throws a sort of rosy glow over either business; and to make things more pleasant still, there is a little kilted *ruche* of cream net to outline the whole, and embroidered *marguerites* in pale blue and mauve and straw-colour to give a flowery finish. Alternatively, as complexions differ, one can get beauty expressed in pale blue, with a decorative border of forget-me-nots and leaves and Valenciennes lace, just to



Beauty for the boudoir is as important as beauty designed for all the world to see.



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Ladies are naturally interested only in the results of Eugène's permanent waving—the amazing life and youthfulness the waves give to the hair—but to those more curious-minded we would like to explain how the overwhelming success of Eugène has been attained. The secret lies in the Eugène combined sectional heater, which can be so regulated as to give firm waves near the roots of the hair and wider undulations towards the ends. In other words, it reproduces naturally wavy hair to the minutest detail. The Eugène heater—the all-important part of any permanent waving apparatus—is the only one so constructed as to give this perfectly natural effect and to preclude any possibility whatsoever of the hair being rendered dry, brittle or frizzy.

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THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

A MAN without a sense of humour is less objectionable than a woman without a sense of dress.

A quill may be driven, but a pencil ought to be lead.

Never judge a play by the rehearsals. Only a little while ago, an astounding success was being rehearsed under the direction of a famous producer. The leading lady—equally famous—had a wonderful knack of forgetting her words. Within a few days of the actual production, she was as vague as ever, particularly in regard to one climactic line. Over and over again, during seventeen days of rehearsal, the leading lady invariably "dried up" on that same line—the beginning of a dramatic speech which altered the whole course of the action. Every time she came to the opening of that speech, she said the same thing. She wrung her beautiful hands, stamped her pretty feet, and, gazing abjectly into space, exclaimed: "Oh, dear, dear, dearie me! Why is it I can never remember that line!" Wrought to distraction by this incessant mauling of the play's process, the famous producer said: "My dear lady, there's nothing wrong with your memory, because for seventeen days you

have faithfully remembered to say: 'Oh, dear, dear, dearie me! Why is it I can never remember that line!' If you can remember that, why not remember the other one!"

An eminent artist engaged a local workman to paint some palings which girded the garden behind his country studio. He gave meticulous instructions respecting one part of the palings where he proposed to have a gateway built. After some days the workman came for his payment, and the artist was anxious about the painting of the gateway. The workman replied: "'S all right, Zurr. Oi managed it jest



ENJOYING THE EARLY SPRING SUNSHINE IN THE PARK: SIR EDWARD AND LADY CARSON.

This snapshot of Sir Edward Carson, the famous Ulsterman, sitting in the Park, with Lady Carson, was taken the other day when London was enjoying an advance taste of spring sunshine.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Press.

as if yer'd done it yerself. Oi'm no fule, Zurr, and done it right, 'cos, all said an' done, there be a lot o' tricky bits about our game, as you knows as well as Oi."

On the beautiful island of Lundy,
Lived a fellow called Gregory Grundy.
He went there, because
He was tired of the laws
Which, elsewhere, spoiled the *gloria mundi*.

That which is anathema to the sergeant-major may be caviare to the general.

If a woman tells you she is in love, she isn't. If a man tells you he is not in love, he is.

Maisie, on her ninth birthday, was especially invited to a grown-up lunch at her uncle's. There were quite a lot of high-browed people who talked politics and other "ics" and "isms," which were completely beyond the range of Maisie's intelligence. Uncle himself

was holding forth in great style upon the transcendentalism of South Sea Islands deep sea morals, and, as he toyed with his salad accompanying the cold wild duck, spoke volubly about nothing that mattered in the slightest degree to anybody except uncle himself. With a morsel of crisp lettuce poised on a well-balanced prong, he said that all animals in the South Seas were—when Maisie burst forth with: "Uncle, uncle! please, uncle!" Uncle, turning almost gruffly to the young interrupter, said "Maisie, little girls should be seen and not heard, and should speak only when spoken to. Wait until I have said what I am saying." Maisie did wait; and, when the tirade was concluded, and the salad all gone, uncle turned to her and asked what it was she wanted to tell him. Maisie, with a sob in her voice, explained: "It's too late now, uncle, I wanted to tell you there was a caterpillar in your salad."



THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE HON. FRANK TREVOR BIGHAM: MISS VERONICA BEATRICE BIGHAM.

Miss Veronica Beatrice Bigham is the elder daughter of the Hon. Frank Trevor Bigham, C.B., Director of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Metropolitan Police, the younger son of the first Viscount Mersey. She was born in 1905.

Photograph by Lewis.

If you wish to make an enemy of a man, lend him some money. If you want him for a friend, borrow money from him. In the first case, he will avoid you well. In the second, he will keep well on your track.

An injured humourist, in reply to anxiously put questions as to possible damage that might have been inflicted through a street accident, of which he was the victim, said: "Some infernal chauffeur nearly tore the skin off my arm with his confounded cab. Why is it that so many people choose the wrong vocation? A fellow like that is not a taxi-driver; he's a taxidermist."

The mind of a child is clear, presumably, only to its mother. I should like to know what a certain mother's answers were to this series of questions fired at her in the course of a three minutes' conversation—

Are you a girl or a lady?

Does God wear boots?

Have you always been married?

If Daddy comes home late again, why don't you stay out all night yourself?

Do Americans ever die?

If so, do they go to heaven like you and me?

There are some people in the world who like you to know that they have done everything there is to be done to a greater extent than anybody else. One such was boasting of travel. "Travel!" he said, "why, I suppose I have travelled more than any living man. Do you know that, during one week, I've crossed the Channel four times. Talk to me about travel! Why, I once went from New York to San Francisco, and from there back to Toronto, and finished the whole trip in less than ten days. Furthermore, let me tell you, I have crossed the Atlantic thirty-three times." This was altogether too much for the listener, who blurted out: "What, in one week?"

SPEx.



AT THE "BLUES" POINT-TO-POINT AT HINTON: THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

The Duchess of Beaufort attended the "Blues" Point-to-Point and meet of the Duke of Beaufort's at Hinton. Our photograph shows her watching the racing from her car.—[Photo. S. and G.]

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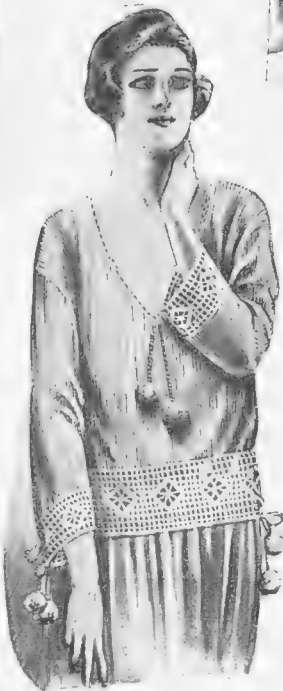
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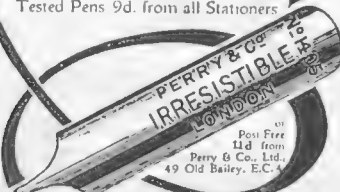
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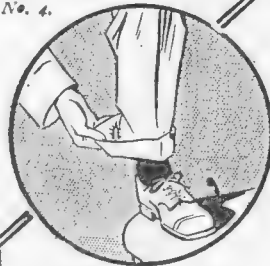
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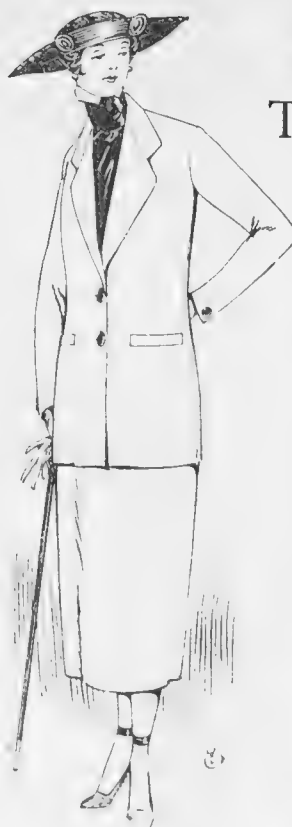
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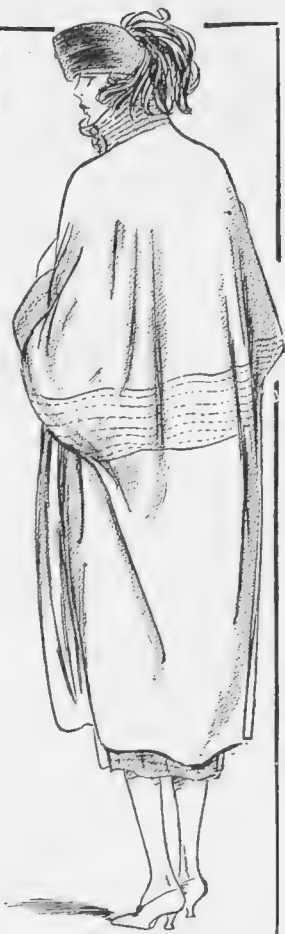
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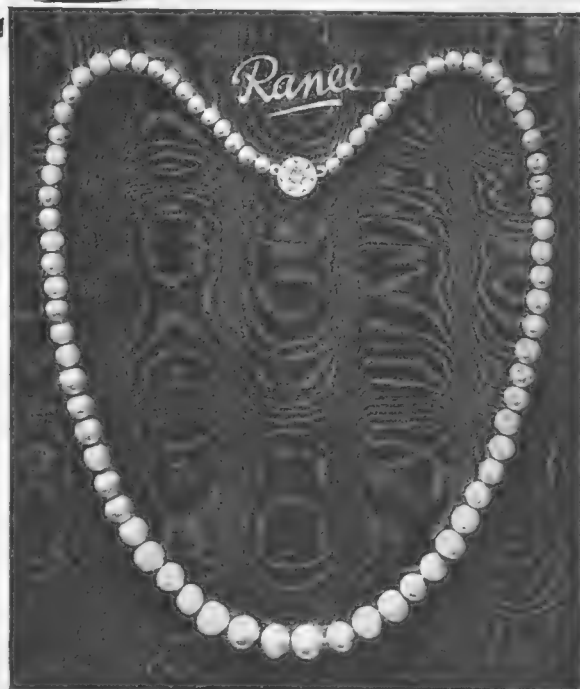
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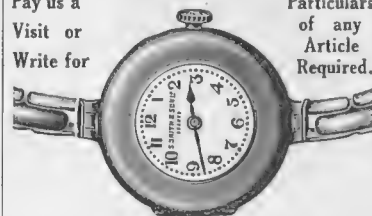
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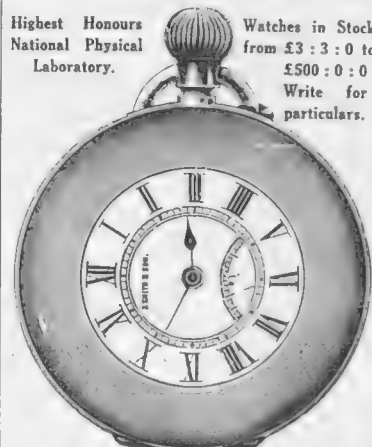
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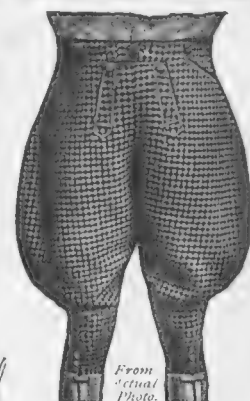
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FOR Fashion and Distinguished Appearance you will of course order Scotch Tweeds. They are worn everywhere—in Town and Country, by Men and Women. Sporting designs and quieter styles for business and shopping are equally available, in standard qualities of absolutely Pure New Wool; you have the collective guarantee of the Scottish Tweed Industry if you see that the material bears on the reverse side this mark.

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SV 148

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An Exquisite Spring Creation.



Reville's Studios.

A most charming Reville Morning Dress of Powder Blue cloth, embroidered in grey wool with a grey girdle, which can now be seen in the famous salons of Reville, Ltd., 15, Hanover Square, W.1.

From George the Third
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One Hundred years long
Born 1820. Still going strong



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JOHNNIE WALKER : "I suppose Nature had some object in giving these Natives their wonderful hair."

COPRA PLANTER : "Oh, yes, like you, it is suitable for the climate."

Guaranteed same quality all over the world.

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A Light-Hearted Affair.

Three Courts are all that are spoken of at present. As the applications for summonses thereto had to be in quite early in the year, these presumably cover the list of applicants. Now that the Court birds are almost tailless, they flit through the Ball Room past the King and Queen almost four to one as fast as when the three-yard train had to be drawn with dignified leisure across this oval-shaped apartment at its greatest width. Truth to tell, attendance at their Majesties' Courts is quite a light-hearted affair nowadays. Never again shall we hear of shy debutantes being so ill with nervousness that they were unable to go through the ceremony, although in the Palace. Nerves are out of fashion, for one thing; and the management of train and plumes and counting curtsies for each Royalty are no longer weights on the minds of youngsters and other novices at such ceremonies.

A Marvellous Show.

The fashions are here before the Courts—in fact, in good time not only to see models, but to find out which of them develop into modes. I looked round on spectators at Reville's, in Hanover Square, last week, when relays of mannequins paraded for their benefit in just the latest of the late, and, what is more important, just the rightest of the right. The expressions varied from rapt interest to—well, not to put too fine a point on it, rank covetousness. Not the variety condemned in the Decalogue, for these exquisite things might be theirs with no wrong to their neighbours. It was a marvellous show, and it appealed to women of all ages, from flappers to fifties, after which date woman has no date! Also the dear comfortable "stouties" and the neat "shorties," even the "stout shorties," beamed as they saw what was designed for them just as carefully as for the daughters of the gods.



Photo, Delphi.

When they come from Poiret, capes have an originality and distinction which proclaim the creator's genius.

What We Can Do.

"When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil," sang Heber about a hundred years ago. Art follows nature, and normal people crave now for freshness and brightness to match the laughing soil. Every time is a good time to paint, a good time to enjoy re-decoration; and now is a particularly good time. Berger's paints, colours, enamels, and varnishes brighten and freshen half the world, and Berger's Studio prepares free colour-schemes which can be obtained from any Berger agent or from Lewis Berger and Sons, Homerton, London, E.9. Mr. Berger made fine colours in London in 1760, a little before Heber's time, and Berger's paints to-day lead the way. We none of us like to see the miseries of unemployment, we are all averse from giving indiscriminate alms; but we can all have Berger's paints and have our houses and gates and palings made to look bright and fresh, and thus give employment, give pleasure, and provide ourselves with added enjoyment of life.

Rumour, Statesmen, and Matrimony.

Viscount Milner, wise man, has not set out to enjoy his well-earned leisure without securing a delightful companion. The new Viscountess is a very pretty woman, also intelligent far beyond the normal, artistic, and, of all things important, magnetic—that is, she has charm as compelling for humanity as the magnet for steel. There were rumours at the Cecil—Hardinge wedding that the great administrator was to enter the sacred circle of the Cecil family, but no one dared to put a name on the gate. Having embarked one statesman Viscount on matrimonial waters, Dame Rumour is anxious

[Continued overleaf.]

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No. 244. Brown willow Derby Shoe. Welled. Medium shape.



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They are made in a variety of textures, including plain, cord, repp and poplin weaves, also Voiles and Nainsooks.

There is a wide range of beautiful shades to select from, and the colours are guaranteed fast, the cloths being sold with the guarantee—

"Replaced if colour fades."

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THE PERFECT SHIRT
FOR LADIES WEAR
CELES IS PURE SILK.

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There is great satisfaction in buying shoes that are up-to-date without extra cost.

Cynthia Shoes are honest throughout. Made in 21 models, 13 different sizes.

Manufactured by S. BEAL
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Write to-day for the address of your nearest Store

The model No. 15 M, illustrated, made in best quality Glace Kid and supple Box Calf, is ideal for outdoor wear. Equally suitable for town or country—for golf course and walking out.



ADAMS

Continued.]

to re-embark another in the person of Lord Grey of Fallodon. Well, we shall see what we shall see. Lord Grey is a great angler, and if he wants a wife will easily hook one; and if he doesn't he won't rise! Of the wariest bachelor of them all, the Right Hon. A. J. B., rumour has tired of talking!

Graces and Elegances of Life.

We all know the gentleman in "Miss Kilmansegg" who "seemed washing his hands with invisible soap, in imperceptible water." Most of us have met this Uriah Heepish kind of person out of "Miss Kilmansegg." We have not admired or envied him, because real pure water and Price's fine soaps are of the graces and elegances of life that we would not be without. The latest production of this celebrated firm has been eagerly welcomed; it is "White Geranium" soap. It is sold in boxes of three tablets at 3s. 6d. a box, and at this moderate cost is the equal of the best French soaps of its class—the first, of course! Its get-up is elegant, its finish leaves nothing to be desired, its quality is first-rate, and its perfume is delicious, out of the common, delicate, and haunting. For such really fine soap as this the cost is now, except for Price's "White Geranium," almost prohibitive.

The Fateful Formerly.

Ci-devant is the most characteristic word in the post-war "Almanach de Gotha." I am surprised that in this year's edition they still give the Grand Duke Dmitri as killed in the Battle of Archangel, whereas he is very much alive and playing a remarkably good game of tennis, and always ready to help his unfortunate compatriots. This year the mistake of last year's edition might have been corrected; possibly a German volume

desires to keep the young Russian Grand Duke safely dead! Happily, the Allies have him very much alive. His sister, the Grand Duchess Marie, spends her time between here and Paris. Their father and the Grand Duke George, father of Princesses Nina and Xenie, whom we know so well here, are entered in the "A. de G." as having been shot in Petrograd on Jan. 28, 1919. It is, unhappily, true about the latter, as the Grand Duchess wears widow's dress. As, however, the volume is wrong about the Grand Duke Dmitri, it may be so about his father, the Grand Duke Paul.



Photo. Delphi.
The jumper is of a soft woolly material in wide stripes, the skirt is of velvet, and the whole is a Poivet creation.

Men are looking ruefully at their suits, and wives are reminding them that a visit to the tailor is a vital necessity now that spring is near at hand, so it is glad news that Messrs. H. J. Nicoll and Co., of 114-120, Regent Street, are offering large stocks of the highest-grade wool suitings to the public, at wonderfully low prices. Lounge suits, cut, made and fitted by Nicoll's own highly skilled tailors, are available for six and seven guineas; Nicoll's "Raglan" and "Brigade" coats are also to be had, made to measure, in a wide variety of tweeds, homespuns, fleeces, and covert coatings, for the same very low figure; while a full dress-suit works out at ten guineas, and a dinner-jacket suit at nine—a truly remarkable reduction when one considers the eighteen to twenty guineas which many people had to pay last year. These wonderful prices are not only available for Londoners, as Nicoll's, of course, have branches in Manchester and Liverpool, and will also make suits from measurements if it is impossible for customers to come to be fitted. Every garment is cut, fitted, tailored and lined with the refinement of detail which is Nicoll's watchword.

Use Jeyes'

FOR SPRING CLEANING.

Add a few drops of Jeyes' Fluid to the water.

FLIES.

A few drops of Jeyes' Fluid in a saucerful of water will keep flies out of the room.

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Put 2 or 3 drops (not more) of Jeyes' Fluid in a glass of water. It will ward off infection.

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Apply Jeyes' Fluid neat.

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2 or 3 drops of Jeyes' Fluid in the tooth water will prevent decay and sweeten the breath.

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Use Jeyes' undiluted on the spots. It relieves swelling and removes the poison.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

Put a dessert-spoonful of Jeyes' in a jug of hot water and inhale (with a thick towel over the head).

USE JEYES' DAILY.

IT PAYS TO INSIST ON

Jeyes' FLUID

The World's Best Disinfectant for over a quarter of a century.

FOR every household and personal use Jeyes' Fluid has been the favourite disinfectant during more than 25 years. Other disinfectants come and go, but Jeyes' is still to-day the world's most efficient disinfectant and the surest preventative against infection.

Get a bottle of Jeyes' to-day and try it for some of the uses we suggest here. It is sold everywhere by Stores, Chemists, etc.

Refuse all substitutes—Insist on Jeyes'.

JEYES' SANITARY COMPOUNDS CO. LTD.,

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By Appointment to H.M. The King,

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It prevents falling hair or scurf, and promotes a clean and luxuriant growth of hair.

2/6 PER BOTTLE.

Sold everywhere.

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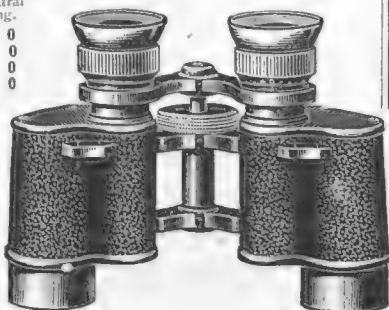
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TALES WITH A STING—PIERROT.—(Continued from page 361.)

such elementary fashion to their discontent with present-day conditions. Several times a stone directed towards himself came very near to hitting him; but of his own somewhat perilous position he seemed completely unaware.

The crowd by now was growing in dimensions; it was also becoming more deeply menacing in its demeanour. A handful of police had arrived upon the scene, but their efforts to keep the crowd in check were completely unavailing. Then all at once, seized with most unwonted fire, Dick leaned over the balcony.

"I say, you want some mounted men down there. Shall I ring up Scotland Yard?"

No answer save a renewed sound of jeering reached him from the crowd. Then, turning round, in a moment he was through the ball-room, down the stairs and in the hall, struggling with the door. "I'll make her see," he muttered once. "I may be a fool of a Pierrot, but just for once Pierrot is going to show himself in different colours," and again he struggled with the door.

"You damned fool, Lawson. What on earth are you doing there? Don't you hear them all battering on the panels? Look at the fanlight, smashed to atoms. Open the door an inch, and you'll have the whole mad lot of them upon us in a minute."

"Must do something," said Dick. "Can't just stop here looking on." (Strange words to come from him.) "I say, all you chaps, can't we band together, open the door, and make for them? A bit humiliating, isn't it, to stay cooped up in here behind closed doors!"

They were not many, for the dance was quite a small one; but obedient to that fire in Dick's eyes, and the little quiver of something approaching exultation in his voice, they took him for their leader. The door was quickly opened, as quickly shut behind them, and then, a few moments after, in that quiet square was enacted a little scene unusual in the extreme, and one no detail of which was lost to Eleanor Mordaunt.

Physically quite fearless, she was standing on the balcony just where Dick had stood, and with her dark draperies swathed about her, she was scarcely visible to the people down below. But Dick was completely visible to her, and her eyes never once left his tall, white-clad form, leading the exotically apparelled little band. How curiously forceful he had all at once become!—and even though she was acutely conscious of his danger, yet she was full of a certain thrill that his conduct now was the result of her words to him that afternoon and evening.

"Back, you fellows, back! It's a silly game to play. Stop shying those damn stones. There are only ladies left."

His voice, clear and high, reached her, and equally clearly the shouts of derision which were the sole response his words received.

"I wonder if he should have gone," she whispered to herself once. "I wonder if he should have gone. Oh, Pierrot, come back, come back!"

Breathlessly she waited. Then all at once there came the quick, sharp sound of horses' hoofs. Some mounted police at last were there. And only then, in her relief at sight of them, did she realise how great the former strain had been. The crowd, surprised by such formidable reinforcements, nevertheless offered fierce opposition to them, and some time had passed before the square was at last clear of those wild, hungry faces, and hoarsely shouting voices.

Eleanor Mordaunt did not move until the fight was over; then, just as she was about to re-enter the room behind, her eyes were caught by a little group bending over something that lay motionless before it. The group moved, and, fascinated, she watched it; then, with a sudden cry, she turned away, and ran swiftly through the ball-room, down the stairs beyond.

She found him lying in the hall—Dick Lawson, with his Pierrot dress all torn and stained with blood. His face, ashen-white beneath its paint, was turned upwards, while the wide-open, lifeless eyes stared fixedly at her. He had been thrown down, a policeman's baton—so ironically—having caught him, there, where a patch of blood showed upon his forehead.

And looking at him, it seemed to her the wide eyes held a strange, half-questioning look, as though to say: "What was the use? What difference did I make?"

THE END.

Plenty of well-known people went to Hanover Square last week "for to see and to admire," for Lucile's dress displays are always social events as well as dress thrills. It will come as joyful news to lovers of the slim silhouette to hear that a large number of the models shown by this famous house have straight, narrow skirts. Many of these are surmounted by tunics falling below the hem at either side. Black lace, taffeta, and charmeuse were among the materials from which many of the models were built. Lady Campden, Mme. Koo (wife of the Chinese Minister), Lady Eileen Browne, the Hon. Mrs. Legh, and the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward were among the guests invited to this display of fashion.

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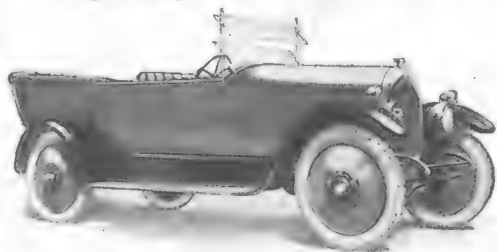
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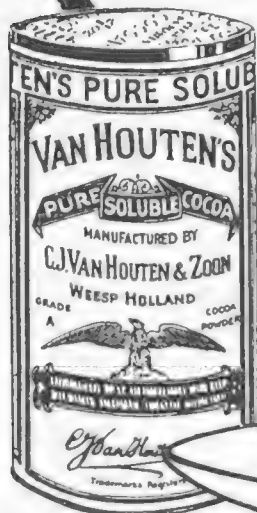
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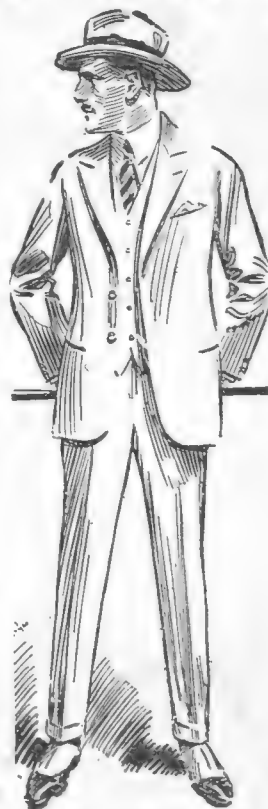
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REPARATIONS.

WHILST the Conference is debating and considering at great length the amount the Germans are to pay, the ordinary man is far more exercised in his mind as to the manner of payment. There are four methods, so far as we can see, and four only—namely, gold, securities, goods and services. For the payment of debts of ordinary size due by one nation to another, any one of these methods does equally well, because the mechanism of international banking makes them practically convertible. When we come to deal with the enormous sums which are involved in the reparations and indemnities, however, the position is vastly different. The debtor is possessed neither of gold nor foreign securities to an amount which would materially reduce the total due, while the services which Germany can render are not very great, especially since we have taken away practically the whole of her shipping.

We are reduced, therefore, to German securities and goods, and when examined closely we find that the two are eventually synonymous, because German internal securities, even where secured on real property such as hotels, or farms, or offices, yield their interest in German marks, and the only possible use for German marks is to purchase goods in Germany, which must be either consumed in the country or exported.

It seems impossible to avoid the conclusion, therefore, that whatever the Hun pays, and whenever he pays it, he will pay a preponderating percentage of the thousands of millions in goods; and if by artificial means, such as tariffs, we prevent him selling goods, he won't pay at all.

The results of payment in goods are not difficult to foresee, and some, indeed, are already apparent. We have taken his ships, and our ship-building yards are idle; France is taking his coal, and stocks are piling up in Northern France and in England, and the miners' wages are falling.

There are, of course, a few raw materials of which we could take limited quantities without ill-effects (timber and potash are two examples which immediately occur to one), but these will only alleviate the position in a very small degree.

We think we have established the fact that the Germans will have to pay their indemnity—if they pay it at all—in main by the export of manufactured goods, which will be sold in competition with those of the rest of the world, and we commend this unpalatable fact to the earnest attention both of those who are "search their pockets" *jusqu'au bout*-ists and those who are clamouring for protective tariffs against German goods.

On the other hand, we do not take an alarmist view of the situation. We faced German competition in the markets of the world before the war, and faced it fairly successfully, and there is no reason why we shouldn't do it again if we try. Uneconomic wages and high costs will eventually provide their own cure, although the process may be painful, just as the exchange position will right itself if natural laws are allowed to function. Doles and controls and tariffs, except in special cases, will retard the recovery, and the sooner we see the end of them, lock, stock, and barrel, the better for every country in the world.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

Not a word had been spoken for a full five minutes.

"There's absolutely nothing in it," then declared The Jobber, as he tossed the paper on one side and took out his tobacco-pouch. "Absolutely nothing."

"Nothing but eight pages, with seven columns to a page, making fifty-six columns altogether," retorted The City Editor.

"Wonderful how quick you are at mental arithmetic," The Jobber admired. "Now, I should have wanted a slate and a pencil—"

"With a little sponge tied on to the slate with string, and a bit of rope to hang the whole thing round your neck," laughed The Merchant. "Heavens, how I wish sometimes that I were back at my first dame-school!"

"I never used the sponge," went on The Jobber disdainfully, "I used to sp—"

The Broker interrupted to say that the City is a better school than any other. It was a feeble effort, and nobody paid him any attention.

"Learn us some more about Industrials, Teacher," The Jobber prayed.

"I told you to beware of Vickers, Armstrongs, and motor shares."

"You did."

"I warned you that there will be heartbreaking reconstructions, writing-down of wickedly inflated capital, offering of ruinous rates in order to get fresh money into industrial concerns."

"All this hast thou said."

"And I say it again," repeated The Broker. "It makes a sad litany, too, for the many investors who were almost forced by taxation to put their capital into stuff that promised big yields."

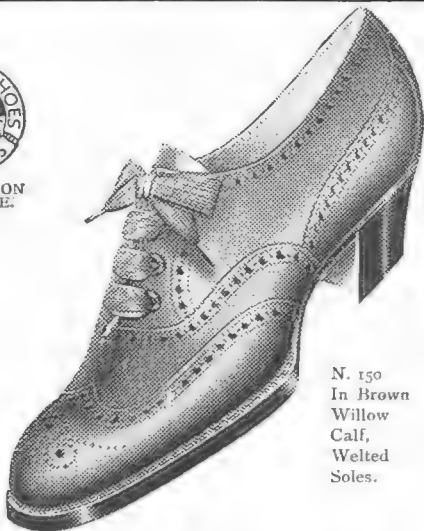
"Taxation and high costs of living," said The Engineer soberly.

"The two go hand in hand to some extent. Official waste, like the war, has to be paid for out of high taxes, and the reckless extravagance

[Continued overleaf]



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Summary of the Report presented at the Seventy-Second Annual Meeting, held on March 3rd, 1921.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of policies issued during the year was 142,163, assuring the sum of £23,528,225, and producing a new annual premium income of £1,667,281. The premiums received were £8,800,749, being an increase of £1,173,202 over the year 1919.

The claims of the year amounted to £5,273,541, of which £15,457 was in respect of War Claims. The number of deaths was 10,218. The number of endowment assurances matured was 34,656, the annual premium income of which was £183,163.

The number of policies, including annuities, in force at the end of the year was 1,123,588.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The premiums received during the year were £12,991,608, being an increase of £1,835,734.

The claims of the year amounted to £3,396,291, of which £20,739 was in respect of 1423 War Claims. The total number of claims and surrenders was 401,314 on 505,829 policies, of which 35,986 were matured endowment assurances.

The number of free policies granted during the year to those policyholders of five years' standing and upwards who desired to discontinue their payments was 88,879, the number in force being 2,079,270. The number of free policies which became claims was 46,004.

The total number of policies in force in this Branch at the end of the year was 23,918,536; their average duration exceeds fourteen and a quarter years.

Although the Armistice was signed so long ago as November 1918, the Company still has to pay Claims arising out of the War; during the year the number of such claims in the two branches was 1568 for an amount of £36,196. The total paid on this account since the outbreak of War exceeds £5,300,000, in respect of over 249,000 claims.

GENERAL BRANCH.—The accounts now presented relate to the first complete year of operations in this Branch in respect of Fire, Personal Accident, Employers' Liability, and Miscellaneous Insurances. The premiums received, after deducting reinsurances, amounted to £222,665. Sinking Fund policies are in force insuring a capital sum of £724,496, producing an annual premium income of £16,735.

It was decided at a Special Meeting of Shareholders in October 1920 to undertake Marine Insurance. The sanction of the Court was duly obtained in November, and an agreement has been entered into with the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation, under which the Corporation agree to act as Managers and Attorneys of the Company in respect of Marine business.

The assets of the Company, in all branches, as shown in the balance sheet, are £124,453,151, which, after allowing for the fact that during the year the Company repaid its Bankers the loan of £3,500,000, represents an actual increase for the year of £10,213,815 over 1919.

In the Ordinary Branch the surplus shown is £1,791,199, including the sum of £152,003 brought forward from last year. Out of this surplus the Directors have added £800,000 to the Investments Reserve Fund, which, after writing down book values by £100,000, stands as at Dec. 31, 1920, at £2,500,000, and £163,226 has been carried forward.

A bonus of £1 per cent. on the original sums assured will be allocated to participating policies in the Ordinary Branch which were in force on Dec. 31, 1920.

In the Industrial Branch the surplus shown is £1,132,538, including the sum of £72,394 brought forward from last year, and

£100,000 transferred from the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act Reserve. Out of this surplus the Directors have added £645,467 to the Investments Reserve Fund, which, after deducting £45,467 representing realised loss on investments, and writing down book values by £100,000, stands as at Dec. 31, 1920, at £1,600,000; £100,000 has been carried to the Common Contingency Fund, and £68,988 has been carried forward.

Although the provisions of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act are still operative it is not considered necessary to retain any special reserve in addition to the reserve held against policies kept in force under the Act.

The total surplus of the two branches, is £2,923,737. Of this amount £800,000 has been added to the Investments Reserve Fund of the Ordinary Branch, £645,467 has been added to the Investments Reserve Fund of the Industrial Branch, and £100,000 to the Common Contingency Fund; £746,056 will be allocated to participating policies in the Ordinary Branch and £400,000 to the holders of fully-paid shares in accordance with the Articles of Association of the Company, leaving £232,214 to be carried forward, namely £163,226 in the Ordinary Branch and £68,988 in the Industrial Branch.

In the General Branch there has been a very satisfactory increase in the number of policies issued and the premiums received. In view of the fact that the larger proportion of the business has been written in the second half of the year it has been considered advisable to retain 47½ per cent. of the premiums paid for unexpired risks, and to carry forward the balance as additional reserve.

Although the direct strain of the War in death claims has almost disappeared, the profit-earning power of the Company is still adversely affected by the heavy rate of Income Tax, and the greatly increased charges for expenses, whilst in addition profits earned have to meet the unprecedented fall in the value of securities. These are all direct effects of the War which can only be removed by the re-establishment of normal conditions. It has been found necessary to carry the large sum of £1,445,467 to the Investments Reserve Funds, and £100,000 to the Common Contingency Fund. Of the amount carried to Investments Reserve Funds, £45,467 has been taken to meet realised losses on investments, the sum of £200,000 has been applied to writing down the values of securities, and the combined Investments Reserve Funds now amount to £4,100,000, whilst the Common Contingency Fund stands at £200,000.

The four Prudential Approved Societies have during the year paid to their members benefits amounting to approximately £2,092,500, making a total of over £12,316,500 paid since National Insurance was introduced. The number of persons admitted to membership of the Societies during the year was 318,703, of whom 137,974 were men and 180,729 women.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co. have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance sheets.

A. C. THOMPSON, *Chairman.*

EDGAR HORNE, }
G. P. HARBEN, } *Directors.*

G. E. MAY,
Secretary.

JOSEPH BURN,
General Manager and Actuary.

The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon application.

[Continued.]

of the Government has promoted the profiteering that ran up living-costs beyond all rhyme or reason."

"But the slump—"

"Index-figures may come down, and things certainly tend to get cheaper. Labour controls the bulk of cost, all the same, and labour—"

"I see that some even of the trades unions are allowing their members to take less than the union rates of pay."

"Haven't I always maintained," maintained The Engineer, "that the British working-man, left to himself, has a fund of sound common-sense—"

"—that does not shine in the counsels of some of his leaders, or in the—er—coal trade, for instance."

"What has all this to do with our high finance?" inquired The Broker plaintively.

"Everything," he was told by Three of Them, as Gorky wrote. "Everything."

"Because," elaborated The Engineer, "directly labour costs get down to something reasonable, we in this country shall be able to produce goods at prices which will stand competition from outside, and therefore keep our trade going in all directions."

"Stabilising foreign exchanges and oiling the rusty wheels of our international commerce."

"International grandmothers," yawned The Jobber. "I daresay it is all perfectly true, but it's as dull as boiled cod. Besides, what good does all this talk do?"

"It's educational," protested The Engineer. "After all, it's surely of some use to try to get to the real why and wherefore of troubles that affect each one of us."

"Oh well, I daresay you're as right as you are uninteresting. You remind me of that story they're telling in the Stock Exchange about a lady who started off with the best intentions, but—"

"Why can't you shut up?" The Broker interposed. "You're never satisfied unless you talk the whole time."

"—but one night, she was just getting into—"

"The companies that will come through the present trade depression are those whose management refrained from sketchy finance while everything was getting into—"

"—bed," pursued The Jobber, "and all at once she saw a man—"

"Do be quiet," admonished The Broker. "Why, it might get into print; you never know who's listening."

"Everything seems to go wrong," complained The Engineer. "But I'm glad to know that the case for railway stockholders is in very strong hands. The other day I saw a man—"

"—a man-eating tiger," continued The Jobber placidly, "and he—"

what are you all laughing at? I haven't nearly reached the joke yet. It's an awfully long story. You're too premature, and—"

"He told me, this chap, that a powerful movement is on foot to come to the succour of the oppressed Home Railway stockholder. Heard anything about it?" he asked The City Editor.

The latter disclaimed official knowledge, but with that slightly mysterious manner in which journalists so cleverly contrive to wrap both prescience and ignorance.

"I only hope you're right," commented The Merchant. "Although I can't for the life of me believe that the Government will go back on its pledge to hand over the railway companies to the stockholders in as good a condition as they were when war broke out."

"It's still safe only to buy the Debenture stocks, to my mind," remarked The Engineer.

"For a spec., Underground Incomes, Dover 'A,' and Berthas," suggested The Broker. "But only as a spec. Not for clergymen or ladies—"

"—and when she saw the man-eating tiger," went on The Jobber calmly, "she shrieked out—"

"All change," said the guard, as he passed the compartment. "All change here!"

HERE AND THERE.

Rumours that the Imperial Continental Gas is going into liquidation continue to be circulated, but we do not think much importance need be attached to them. The repayment of part of the capital will take place this month, and negotiations are still proceeding with the reparations department.

The San Paulo Loan was quickly over-subscribed. The prospectus was a model of brevity and clearness, and the terms were very attractive.

Mr. Frank Hodges puts forward the suggestion that the Government should subsidise the coal trade in order that wages may be maintained. What a brain!

Can it be that the Ministry of Transport will disappear before the autumn? It sounds too good to be true. *Friday, March 4, 1921.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

PAU BANKERS.—Merci, mes vieux. "Ça m'a fait rougir," as the girl said. SEEKER.—(1) No; (2) It's outside our department altogether.

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JOE BECKETT,
Heavyweight Champion of Great Britain.

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PETER LATHAM,
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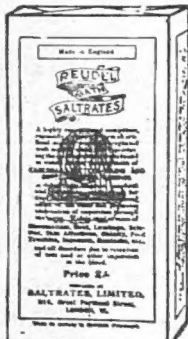
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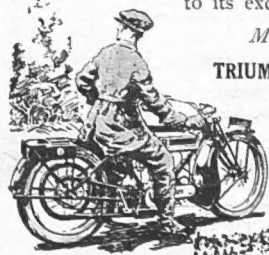
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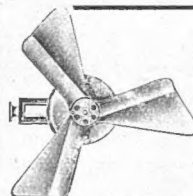
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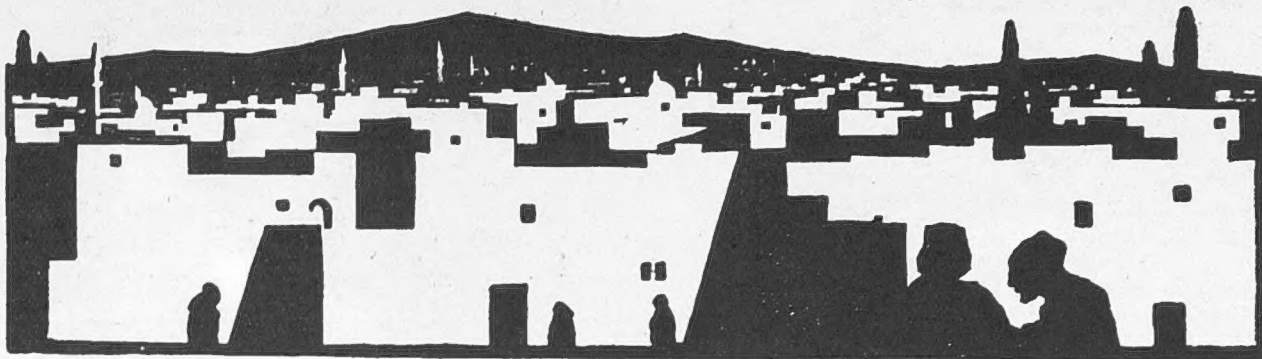
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